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## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE gentleman whose contributions to current history are signed "Manhattan" is said by the editor of the journal he writes in to represent the opinions and sentiments of an important section of the American community. Now, his letters are chiefly remarkable for an instability of feeling and an uncertainty of view which are not commonly found in individuals, while they are exactly characteristic of the mob—"the mobile people"—and therefore Manhattan's claims as a representative man are borne out quite satisfactorily. It is only to be regretted that so perfect a reflection of opinion should be worthless for all but remote and philosophical purposes, for that it certainly becomes in the ten days' interval which inevitably occurs between the writing and the printing of any one of Manhattan's letters. We learn pretty accurately, indeed, to-day what Manhattan and all the other mobile politicians of New York thought a fortnight since; but a fortnight is a long, long period in the existence of Transatlantic opinion, and we cannot possibly tell, as we ponder the deliverances of the Manhattan of yesterday, but that he has since been bitten by another dog, and gone mad on a totally different set of ideas.

The difficulty is really important. It is the difficulty of the shepherd who, when he did *not* turn out at the cry of "Wolf!" must have felt how awkward it would be if the animal had really made his appearance—as at last he did, we remember. It would be of small importance, indeed, if the opinion which varies so much had little force in the current of actual

events. But we know that, even in this country, where the people have sound political guides and sober political instincts, popular opinion does rise sometimes in all the rage of unreason and carry Parliaments and Ministers away in the flood. In America it is the same, with this difference—that mob-opinion is there more a governing than an insurrectionary force; and therefore—be it never so wild, ignorant, unstable—it can never be safely overlooked or disregarded.

We are particularly concerned with this matter at present, for it happens that the remarkably representative Manhattan is clear now—or on the 24th of March he was clear—that the long-contemplated war with England is at hand. "Somebody has looked ahead," it seems, "and sees what we all see here now, that in a few months we are to have a long and bloody war with England." New York harbour is being fortified with this express view (not merely to keep out that dreadful Alabama, of course), and so popular is the project that "a million of men would be raised in six weeks." How many of these soldiers are to be raised from the dead is not stated. But it certainly has taken a much longer period for a hundred and thirty thousand men to run away from the Federal armies already existing; and, great as may be our self-love, there can be no doubt even here that to Northern conscripts a brush with us, whom they *may* beat, would prove far more alluring than the continuation of a war in which they are always beaten. And then there is the gigantic hope and dream of plunder by privateers on the high seas. The money Captain Semmes might have made, could he

only have taken his prizes into a friendly harbour and sold them! These are not our comments on the New York war-fever. Manhattan himself explains it in this way, and we confess we think the explanation a very natural one.

It has long been foretold, however, that the facility of raising and expending multitudes of armed men which the Northern States of America have discovered amongst themselves, would bring trouble into Europe; and eighteen months ago, when Commodore Wilkes glorified himself and earned the serenades of a grateful people by outraging the British flag, it was suggested that a war with England would be the readiest way out of that other difficulty—the extermination of Southerners who refuse to be exterminated; and since that momentous period England has been threatened more than once; so that we are not taken by surprise now. We have heard the cry of "Wolf!" before, and know how hollow it may be; *only* the beast is pretty sure to be loosed at last, and a watch must be kept for him always. For our own part, we are not at all disposed to scorn the brayings of Manhattan, and to treat them as of no account; though probably the dream of humbling England is only another manifestation of the lively spirit in which the North is preparing to retrieve her losses by the South. We here do not see that her chances of success are better now than they were six months ago; but the North appears to be of a different opinion, in the face of an unbroken series of failures. The Federals are active, but they achieve nothing but disaster. The Confederates have taken up the offensive too, and invade while they beat back



ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT SANDRINGHAM HALL.—SEE PAGE 264.

the invader. Nevertheless, the Northerners have no doubt that the dissolution of the Confederacy is at hand, and are really going to work to abolish the last rebel in Secession. There is something of Dr. Cumming's audacity in all this.

The hope which we expressed a fortnight since, that the Poles would soon discover how vain is all their bloodshedding, appeared to have been realised a few days afterwards. The committee which governs the insurrection was said to have ordered its abandonment, assured that no sacrifice of life and home-treasure would bring the country nearer to the end of its efforts. The wisdom of this resolution appeared to us as great as the ardour it staked was noble and hopeless; it gave us, for the first time, an idea that the Poles were as capable of governing themselves at once as of fighting for the privilege of self-government. But it was all a mistake. The committee had made no such order, and the insurrection goes on, equally unchecked by Polish common sense and the dissensions of Russian musketry. Indeed, the scythe seems to be beating the sword; and the Czar's artillery, instead of blasting the rebellion in the ordinary way, appears only to give flame to fuel. And it is impossible not to admire the courage, the devotion, the Divine hope which animate this people; hard it is, in the face of so much bravery and endurance, to counsel despair. But what is to be the end of the slaughter more than has been already gained? No one can seriously expect that the Russian forces will be conquered in the long run; or that the Poles, by remaining in arms two months or two years longer, will put themselves in a position to demand more than would be conceded to them now under the watchful eyes of Europe. They have conclusively shown already that there will never be peace for the Russian empire till Poland is allowed to live a free, national life; they have earned the active sympathy of Europe in their efforts to attain it; and, after a score of village victories, a dozen martyr-like defeats, they will find themselves no better off than that. This, at any rate, is our conviction; and therefore we should be glad to hear that the reported abandonment of the conflict had fallen true. Certain it is that no Baron Berg would be permitted to come in with a reign of terror, as seems to be feared. Europe is pledged to see that Poland gains and does not lose by the struggle; and all that "the Powers" can ask—all that Russia will grant—all that Poland can force from her, we believe may be had without a further expense of blood. And it would be better to give up in the midst of successes that are hopeless than after a series of hopeless defeats.

## Foreign Intelligence.

### FRANCE.

The *Paris Nation* says France, England, and Austria have come to an understanding on the Polish question, and sent separate, but identical, notes to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. No pressure is put on the Czar, and it is left to him to take the initiative of measures to put an end to the periodical risings of the Poles.

Admiral J. J. de la Gravière has been recalled from Mexico, the reason assigned for his recall being that the importance of the French naval forces in Mexican waters do not call for an officer of so high a rank.

### PORTUGAL.

Intelligence from Lisbon represents the Ministry of the Count de Loulé as having lost the confidence of the Cortes, and its early resignation is expected. The Cortes have passed a vote of sympathy with Poland, and the Government intend to represent to Russia the necessity of a general amnesty, and the re-establishment of the political rights, as laid down in the Vienna treaties, of the Poles.

### RUSSIA.

The greatest agitation prevails among the Liberals at Moscow and at St. Petersburg. A telegram from St. Petersburg, of the 4th, states that the Assembly of the Nobles has voted unanimously an address of devotedness to the Emperor and to the integrity of the empire, and expressing indignation at the pretensions of the Polish insurgents to Russian territory. It is the whim of most Russian politicians to regard the old Polish provinces (outside Congress Poland) as strictly Russian soil.

### AUSTRIA.

Count Apponyi having resigned the office of Judge Curia of Hungary, in consequence of differences between the Minister of State, Von Schmerling, and the Hungarian Chancellor, Count Forstach, Count George Andrasz has been appointed to succeed Count Apponyi as Judge Curia in Hungary.

The final deliberations of the Venetian Special Commissioners appointed to draw up constitutional regulations for the administration of the Italian possessions of Austria took place on the 8th. The Constitution unanimously agreed upon by the Special Commission will be immediately laid before the Emperor for approval.

### TURKEY.

Omar Pacha, the Commander-in-Chief of the army, has provisionally assumed the direction of the Ministry of War. The army has been divided into six corps, the first of which, hitherto stationed at Constantinople, will be transferred to Schutla, under the command of Abdul Kerim Pacha.

### GREECE.

The National Assembly unanimously elected Prince William George of Denmark to the throne on the 31st ult., and immediately proclaimed him King, by the title of George I. It appears, however, that difficulties are thrown in the way of this new arrangement by Denmark, which insists, as conditions, that the great Powers of Europe shall guarantee the independence of Denmark, the full possession of Schleswig, and the neutrality of Holstein.

### DENMARK.

A proclamation just issued by the King of Denmark abolishes the unworkable Constitution of 1852 by severing Holstein from the common State sought to be established by that Constitution. Holstein is to have its own army and vote its own supplies; but with respect to many civil affairs it will still remain in union with the rest of the monarchy; and of course we need hardly explain that it will continue under the Danish Crown, the King of Denmark being Duke of Holstein, somewhat as the Emperor of Austria is King of Hungary.

### MEXICO.

The New York journals publish news from Mexico, from which it appears that the French were only eleven leagues from Mexico, having passed Puebla, leaving 10,000 soldiers to keep that garrison in check.

### SAN DOMINGO.

Official intelligence has been received from San Domingo to the 9th ult., relative to the insurrectionary movements which had taken place

there. A state of siege was proclaimed, and troops were dispatched into the disaffected districts, where, after some fighting, tranquillity was completely re-established.

### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

We have intelligence from New York to the 28th ult. The accounts relating to the proceedings on the Mississippi are vague and contradictory; but it appears certain that the Federal attack on Port Hudson was, on the whole, a failure, and that at most two vessels, the Hartford and Monongahela, succeeded in passing—the rest being driven back. The force of General Banks seems also to have been defeated. It is reported that the General lost two or three regiments, and that he had fallen back to his fortified camp at Baton Rouge. There is some doubt about the former part of the report, but very little about the latter. Admiral Farragut, on board the Hartford, ascended as far as Natchez on the 16th, where he anchored for the night and proceeded up the river the following morning, and the Southern journals say that the Hartford and the Monongahela had reached within 400 yards of the Confederate batteries at Grand Gulf, and that an exchange of shots took place, the vessels being struck a dozen times, and several persons wounded. Above Vicksburg the Federals had abandoned the attempt to pass Fort Pemberton, and were returning to Yazoo Pass, when they are said to have met three of Admiral Porter's gun-boats, which had penetrated the Yazoo River through the Sunflower River. Thus reinforced, it was supposed they would renew the attack on Fort Pemberton. It was rumoured that Haines Bluff had been flanked through the water route.

Northern accounts state that Admiral Farragut's vessels recaptured the steamer Indianola without resistance. The Confederates had been working upon her, and she was nearly ready for service.

There is very little news from Kentucky, and the reports of its invasion are conflicting. One report states that a Confederate force under General Longstreet had entered Kentucky; that much alarm existed at Louisville; and that the towns of Mount Sterling and Danville had been captured by the Confederates. General Rosencrantz had sent a large force to oppose the invaders.

General Burnside had assumed the command of the department of Ohio. General Price is reorganising the Confederate army in Arkansas, and would shortly take the field.

The *New York Times* says the Confederates are preparing to abandon Richmond as the capital of the confederacy. It is also said that the forts round that city are being prepared to receive General Lee's army, which was falling back from the Rappahannock.

The New Jersey Assembly, by a vote of thirty-three to nineteen, had passed an Act for the imprisonment and transportation of every free negro who shall hereafter come into the State and remain ten days.

The new State Constitution of Western Virginia had been ratified by the vote of the people. The Constitution provides that the children of slaves born after July next shall be free. All slaves under ten years of age shall be free when they reach twenty-one years. All slaves over ten and under twenty-one shall be free at twenty-five years of age. No slaves will be permitted to come into the State for permanent residence.

Major-General J. V. Sumner, late of the Federal army, had died at Syracuse, New York.

The Confederate steamer Florida called at Barbadoes on the 24th ult., for coal, and remained for twenty-four hours. After she left port she was seen to set fire to three vessels, which were some ten miles distant from the coast. Later, a large steamer, supposed to be the Vanderbilt, was observed in pursuit, but the Florida made good her escape.

### DESPATCHES FROM EARL RUSSELL ON THE POLISH QUESTION.

The following important diplomatic documents have been published by a French journal:—

EARL RUSSELL TO LORD NAPIER, BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT ST. PETERSBURG.

FOREIGN OFFICE, March 2, 1863.

My Lord,—Her Majesty's Government is deeply affected by the state of things in Poland. It sees, in the first place, a great part of the population in open insurrection against the Government, and a considerable military force engaged in putting down this insurrection. The natural and probable result of such a struggle must be assumed to be the triumph of the military force; but this triumph, if obtained by a series of combats, must necessarily be accompanied by a lamentable effusion of blood, by a considerable sacrifice of lives, and by material calamities of all kinds, the effects of which will be felt for very many years to come. Moreover, the acts of violence and reciprocal destruction inseparable from a conflict of this nature must engender animosities which will envenom the relations between the Russian Government and the Polish nation for the future.

While, however, regretting the existence of such a sad state of things in a foreign country, the Queen's Government would not have thought it proper to make an official communication of its sentiments on this subject but for special circumstances, which place it, with regard to the present condition of Poland, in a peculiar situation. The kingdom of Poland was constituted and united to the Russian empire by the treaties of 1815, to which the British Government was a contracting party. The present unfortunate state of affairs is attributable to the fact that Poland is not in the situation provided for by those treaties. Neither is Poland in the same situation in which she was placed by the Emperor Alexander I. Under his reign a National Diet sat at Warsaw, and the Poles of the kingdom enjoyed privileges calculated to assure their political welfare.

So long ago as the year 1832 symptoms of discontent and agitation began to show themselves, and these symptoms have been followed from time to time by revolts and useless bloodshed. The Queen's Government is quite aware that the immediate cause of the present insurrection was the conscription lately imposed upon the Polish nation; but that measure itself was only adopted on account of the discontent of the Poles with the political condition of their country. The landowners and the bourgeoisie found this condition unbearable; and, although the peasants may not have evinced an equal degree of hostility, they have not, at all events, supported the Russian Government and the Polish nation for the future.

Great Britain, as a party to the treaties of 1815, and as a Power deeply interested in the tranquillity of Europe, thinks herself therefore authorised to make known her opinion of the events of which Poland is the theatre, and she desires to do so with the most friendly feelings towards Russia, and with the most sincere wish to contribute to the benefit of all parties interested. Why should not his Imperial Majesty, whose kindly feelings are universally recognised, put an end once and for all to this bloody struggle, by generously proclaiming an immediate and complete amnesty for all his revolted subjects, and by announcing at the same time his intention to re-establish the kingdom of Poland without delay in the enjoyment of the civil and political privileges which were granted to it by the Emperor Alexander I, in conformity with the stipulations of 1815? If his Majesty were to take this course, a Diet and a national administration would, in all probability, content the Poles, and would give satisfaction to the public opinion of Europe.

You will be pleased, my Lord, to read this despatch to Prince Gortschakoff, and to leave him a copy of it.

(Signed) RUSSELL.

The *Courrier de Dimanche* also gives the following as the material passage of an English diplomatic circular of March 4, to which a copy of the above despatch was annexed. Earl Russell begins by informing the diplomatic agents of Great Britain of the step which he had taken at St. Petersburg, and begs them to communicate the despatch of March 2 to the Cabinets to which they are accredited:—

EARL RUSSELL TO THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE QUEEN AT PARIS, BERLIN, VIENNA, MADRID, LISBON, AND STOCKHOLM.

Foreign Office, March 4, 1863.

In the opinion of the Queen's Government a transmission of analogous appreciations to St. Petersburg on the part of the representatives of the Powers who signed the treaties of 1815 might result in putting a stop to the effusion of blood and the re-establishment of the Polish people in the enjoyment of the rights promised them at Vienna, and of which they have long been dispossessed. Her Majesty's Government thinks that the best means of assuring the peace of Europe would be to restore to the Poles the privilege of a Diet and a national administration.

RUSSELL.

### THE SEIZURE OF BRITISH VESSELS BY THE FEDERALS.

A few days since the owners of the Peterhoff, Springbok, and Magician steamers, which were captured by the Federal cruisers while proceeding to the Mexican port of Matamoras, addressed Earl Russell, her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, upon the illegal character of their seizure. The following reply has been sent by his Lordship to the owner of the Springbok:—

Foreign Office, April 3, 1863.

Sir,—I am directed by Earl Russell to make you acquainted with the conclusion at which, having considered the communications with the law officers of the Crown, your letter of the 26th of March, requesting to be informed in regard to the right of British vessels to trade with Matamoras, her Majesty's Government have arrived. The Government of the United States has clearly no right to seize British vessels bona fide bound from this country, or from any other British possession, to the ports of Vera Cruz and Matamoras, or either of them, or vice versa, unless such vessels attempt to touch at, or having an intermediate or contingent destination to, some blockaded port or place, or are carriers of contraband of war destined for the Confederate States; and in any admitted case of such unlawful capture her Majesty's Government would feel it their duty promptly to interfere, with a view to obtain the immediate restitution of the ship and cargo, with full compensation, and without the delay of proceedings in a prize court. Her Majesty's Government, however, cannot, without violating the rules of international law, claim for British vessels navigating between Great Britain and these places any general exemption from the belligerent right of visitation by the cruisers of the United States, nor can they proceed upon any general assumption that such vessels may not so act as to render their capture lawful and justifiable. Nothing is more common than for those who contemplate a breach of blockade, or the carriage of contraband, to disguise their purpose by a simulated destination and by deceptive papers; and the situation of the ports on the coast of Mexico with reference to the Confederate States is such as to make it not only possible, but in many cases probable, that an ostensible Mexican destination would be resorted to as a cover for objects which would really justify capture. It has already happened in many cases that British vessels have been seized while engaged in voyages apparently lawful, which vessels have afterwards been proved in the prize courts to have been really guilty of endeavouring to break the blockade or of carrying contraband to the Confederates. It is the right of the belligerent to capture all vessels reasonably suspected of either of these transgressions of international law, and whenever any such case of capture is alleged the case cannot be withdrawn from the consideration of the prize court of the captor. After the case has undergone investigation, it is the duty of the prize court to restore any such prizes unlawfully made, with costs and damages, and the proper time for the interference of her Majesty's Government is, in general, when the prize courts have refused redress for a capture which the evidence shows to have been unjustifiable. Her Majesty's Government cannot upon *ex parte* statements deny the belligerents in this war the exercise of those rights which, in all wars in which Great Britain has been concerned, she had claimed herself to exercise.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

E. HAMMOND.

Respecting the seizure of the Peterhoff, his Lordship has intimated that Lord Lyons has been directed to watch the proceedings now pending, and to report to her Majesty's Government.

### THE PROVINCES.

AN EXPENSIVE JOKE.—At the Liverpool Assizes, on Monday, a rather curious action was tried, the plaintiff and defendant being cotton-waste dealers. Mr. Walton, the manager for the plaintiffs, whilst at an hotel in Bolton, met the defendant, and the conversation turned upon cotton. The defendant said he had 105 bales of Egyptian cotton lying at Liverpool, which he would sell for £1800 below the invoice price. Mr. Walton and a Mr. Yates, who was also present, agreed to buy the cotton on these terms, and paid a deposit, partly in cash and an "I.O.U.", the defendant giving a sale-note. On going down to Liverpool, the plaintiffs found that the defendant had no cotton in that town or anywhere else, and they therefore brought the action to recover damages. For the defence it was contended that the affair was a joke, and the contract made in a mere spirit of "bounce." The learned Judge (Mr. Baron Martin) said there was no getting over the sale-note, and if people foolishly made such contracts, they must abide the consequences. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiffs, damages £300.

THE GREAT INUNDATIONS IN THE FENS.—A trial commenced at the Norwich Assizes last week, and terminated on Monday, which involves the question of responsibility as to the above inundations. It was an action brought by Mr. Cox against Mr. Wise, clerk to the Mid-Level Drainage Commission, for negligence in not making and maintaining the outlet-sluice of the Mid-Level, by reason of which the tidal waters broke through and ran over the sluice, &c., and submerged the plaintiff's lands. Mr. Keane, Mr. Browne, and Mr. Phear were for the plaintiff; Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Q.C., Mr. O'Malley, Q.C., Mr. Metcalfe, and Mr. Newton appeared for the defendant. Chief Justice Erle put it to the jury, first, was damage caused to the plaintiff by the absence of due care and skill on the part of the defendant in making the sluice; secondly, in maintaining the sluice; thirdly, in providing remedies against mischief after the sluice was destroyed; and, fourthly, by reason that no puddle-clay wall was made along each side of the banks of the cut. A verdict was returned for the defendant on the first issue, and for the plaintiff on the last three issues; virtually a verdict for the plaintiff.

A TIPSY JUROR.—At Chester, last week, the Assize Court was somewhat startled by the gesticulations and loud tones of a gentleman who had been summoned as a juror. He loudly demanded how long he was to be kept there?—The Judge (looking up surprised): Bring that person here.—The juror was accordingly forthwith seized and led before his Lordship, exhibiting at the same time unmistakable symptoms of having been indulging in deep potations during the day.—The Judge (addressing the juror) said: What do you mean, Sir, by disturbing the Court in this way?—The Juror: I was brought to attend upon your Lordship on the jury. I have left four children without a mother this ten years.—The Judge: You are very unfit to be a juror.—The Juror (who continued to speak with a strong Misanthropic accent): I am very unfit, your Lordship. I am the biggest robber from here to London. (Loud laughter.)—The Judge: Well, put him in the dock on his own statement.—The Juror: Put me where you like. I am the biggest robber, and Judge Hardie will tell you the same thing.—The juror was then placed in the dock, where he shed copious tears, and gave utterance to various unintelligible remarks.—The Judge: Keep him in custody until he gets sober, and then let him be discharged.—The fuddled juror was then led into the castle, saying, "God bless you, my Lord! God bless you for a hundred years! May I see you in Heaven! (Laughter.) God bless"—(the voice, in ventriloquial style, died away in the distance).

### SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO AN EXPRESS-TRAIN.

AN express-train on the Great Northern Railway, travelling at the ordinary speed of forty miles an hour, was literally dashed to pieces on Saturday evening, and yet, wonderful to relate, no lives were lost, although, as a matter of course, most of the passengers were sufferers to a greater or less extent. The accident happened close to the Little Bytham Station, about seven miles from Stamford. In order to appreciate the extraordinary nature of the occurrence it will be necessary to explain that for some distance north of Little Bytham the line runs along a high embankment, which, on passing the village itself, is elevated above the tops of the adjoining houses. Some 50 yards from the station are a series of what are technically called "coal-drops," by means of which coal-trains are unloaded of their contents; the coals passing through openings between the rails to the ground below, whence they are carted away. At this point the line appears to be elevated somewhere about 20 ft. above the road below. On a siding over the coal-drops stood a number of goods-vans and cattle-trucks on Saturday evening, at the time of the accident, and to this circumstance must, in a great measure, be attributed the escape of any of the passengers with their lives.

An express-train leaves Manchester for London at 3 p.m., and on Saturday it consisted of four composite carriages, separated from the tender by a break-van, the rear being brought up by a second break-van, in which was the guard. The number of passengers has been variously estimated at from twenty to thirty. At six o'clock the train had just passed Little Bytham village, and was within about 150 yards of the station—the speed, as already mentioned, at least forty miles an hour—when the tire of the leading wheel of the engine suddenly snapped and flew off. The whole train immediately left the main line, and, ploughing up the ballast and crushing through the metals of several sidings, the engine struck the first of the vans standing over the coal-drops before mentioned. The noise of the shock is described as resembling the simultaneous discharge of a park of artillery, whilst the dust which was raised temporarily obscured the nature of the casualty from the view of those who witnessed it from the station hard by. No description can convey any adequate idea of the wreck thus momentarily accomplished. Most of the cattle-trucks and goods-vans on the siding were completely shivered to fragments, the woodwork being severed from the wheels and strewed all round. Strong telegraph poles were snapped like slender reeds, and, to add to the confusion, the wires rendered temporarily useless for communication. The engine and tender were "doubled up" in a way which too plainly revealed the terrible shock of the encounter, while the carriages of the train were shattered and piled about the embankment in a state of ruin which rendered it apparently hopeless to expect that any of the passengers could be found with life. One of the carriages, containing several persons, occupied a most extraordinary position. The wheels at one end were resting across the metals, on the verge of the embankment, whilst the other end was supported by the telegraph wires, and thus prevented from falling a considerable depth.

The accident occurring so near a station assistance was promptly rendered, and the terrified passengers were extricated from the debris, some having to be drawn through the windows of the dismantled carriages. It was then found that happily no lives had been sacrificed, though many were stunned and bleeding.

THE FORESTERS AND THE LIFE BOAT INSTITUTION.—The Ancient Order of Foresters is now making a collection amongst its members in aid of the funds of the National Life-boat Institution. In their appeal the Foresters refer with gratitude to the great and important services the life-boats of the institution are constantly rendering to the cause of humanity, and the strong claims it has on the support of the benevolent everywhere. The executive council therefore feel confident that a permanent and effectual response will be made to the appeal of the Order on behalf of one of the most important and valuable institutions in our land.

## THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON.

FAVoured by the weather, and profiting by the experience which those who organised it have gained on former occasions, the great Easter-Monday Volunteer Review has this year been highly successful. General Lord W. Paulet commanded, supported by an efficient Staff of officers.

We subjoin an outline of the day's proceedings, passing over, as being of less interest, the accounts of musters in London, and coming at once to the

## ARRIVAL AT BRIGHTON.

The first body of volunteers—who, as usual, were the Inns of Court—arrived in Brighton at 7.15. They had paraded in the Temple before daylight at 4.30, and had left London Bridge at 5.41. With them were the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th London, and the 3rd Middlesex. The next train, which came from Victoria, arrived ten minutes afterwards, and brought the London Scottish, the Queen's (Westminster), the 1st London, and several other corps. The point of embarkation was, as last year, at the long shed close to Montpelier-road, which afforded ample accommodation for the men being formed and marching off quickly. It was barricaded into two parts—the south end being for the arrivals from London Bridge, the north for the Victoria trains, and there was a separate exit for each. The country corps coming from the east and west counties ran into the general terminus; so that, though the trains were arriving in rapid succession for two hours and a half, sometimes within ten minutes of each other, there was not the slightest confusion or delay. Colonel M'Murdo and Colonel Luard, Assistant Inspector, superintended the arrivals, and there could be no better proof of the good discipline and intelligence of the men than the rapidity with which the tumultuous crowd just disgorged from the railway carriages in a few minutes assumed order and was marched away. In all, there were sixteen trains from London—six from Victoria, nine from London Bridge, and one from Kensington—starting at regular intervals from 5.30 to eight o'clock. Each train was made up with twenty-two carriages, and carried on an average about 800 men and 40 officers. Each corps as it arrived at the station marched off to the rendezvous marked out for it in the town; and the local authorities of Brighton had set apart the open space north of St. Peter's Church, known as the Inclosure, St. Peter's Churchyard, the North Steyne, and the Pavilion Gardens for this purpose. The quartermaster's department of the service seems to have been largely developed since last year, for most of the corps, especially those which started early, found a welcome breakfast ready provided for them. The Queen's (Westminster) and the London Scottish breakfasted in the Townhall, the Inns of Court were accommodated at the King and Queen Hotel, and for other corps large marquees had been erected, where a liberal commissariat had provided the necessary supplies.

## FALLING IN.

At ten o'clock the men were ordered to fall in, and the process of brigading began. The whole infantry force—which, as far as it was possible to ascertain, numbered about 16,000 men, was divided into two divisions. The first division was commanded by Major-General Russell, with Lieutenant-Colonel Thorold, Lord Bury, Viscount Ranelagh, Lieutenant-Colonel Bigge, and Lieutenant-Colonel Brewster, commanding brigades. The second division was under the orders of Major-General Sutton, with Lord Radstock, Lieutenant-Colonel Donsmore, Lieutenant-Colonel Moorsom, and Lord Elcho as brigade leaders. The cavalry was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Drysdale, C.B.; and the artillery, consisting of two brigades, and numbering thirty guns, was under the control of Colonel Ormsby. The various metropolitan and south of England corps of volunteers were well represented, and the troops generally appeared in very efficient condition.

## THE MARCH PAST.

With commendable speed, the troops arrived on the ground, the first to appear being some well-mounted members of the Hon. Artillery Company, under the command of Captain Jay. Their guns, and those of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Middlesex, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Sussex, 4th Cinque Ports, 1st Administrative Brigade (Hants), and 2nd Surrey Artillery Corps, made a far more formidable show than last year's array of cannon. The marching past was effected under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances, partly from the lines having to be formed so near the stand, and partly also to the pressure of the crowd upon the point where the lines were forming. Some corps, however, distinguished themselves by their firm and massive tread, and were warmly applauded. The London Scottish, with sprigs of green in their caps, or, we should perhaps say, their bonnets, looked as gallant a body of men as ever trod turf or heather; and Lord Elcho, at their head, was greeted as he reached the place of salute with loud and hearty cheers. His Lordship, after passing Lord Paulet, wheeled, and took his temporary position with the Staff. The Queen's Westminsters, having a goodly muster of twelve companies, were hardly so rigid in their marching as the Scottish, but they were justly received with an approving welcome. The St. George's, with their commander, Colonel Lindsay, in their front, marched splendidly. The best appearance in this stage of the proceedings, however, was made by the Civil Service corps, whose fine band played them past with inspiring effect. The Artists', the Inns of Court, the London Irish, the 4th Tower Hamlets, under Major Delarue, and the Working Men's corps, commanded by Major Richards, were signalled out, very deservedly, for praise. When Lord Ranelagh came in sight, accompanied by Captain Templar and Sergeant Harris of the 1st Devon Light Horse, the cheering was excessive. After this the public began to look out for amusement. The infantry had not all passed, when a thoughtful volunteer crossed the line, bolt in front of the Staff. Over came Colonel M'Murdo, in a towering rage, and assailed the luckless offender with terms of the utmost opprobrium, shouting forth his conviction that the man was a disgrace to the service; that he was not fit to be a soldier; that no other man in the volunteer force would act in the same way; and so on. Scarcely had the Colonel delivered himself of these reproaches, and regained his place among the Staff, when another volunteer did act directly in the same way, as if practically to confute the gallant though intemperate officer. This was too much; and the second transgression brought a condign punishment. The man who had crossed the line was ordered to deliver up the plug of his rifle, which was sent to the Colonel of his corps. Soon after these unpleasant incidents a notification was spread along the rows of spectators that the cavalry and artillery would gallop past the Staff, and a very dashing wind-up was thus afforded to the first part of the day's proceedings on the downs. The guns of the Hon. Artillery Company were carried past at full speed, among cries of "Bravo, H.A.C." Then came the Lancers, in a cloud of white dust, and with their pennons stiffened by the rapid pace at which they rode. Lastly, the small band of Hants Light Cavalry, not forty in number, but all magnificently mounted, galloped their hunters along the course; and then the crowd closed in and followed, with intent to see as much as they could of

## THE SHAM FIGHT.

The ground selected for the movements which followed the march past was infinitely better fitted for the handling of large masses than the narrow White Hawk Valley in which Lord Clyde tested the training and bottom of the volunteers last year. No doubt the remove was a great disappointment to the occupants of the Grand Stand, and of the numberless carriages which lined each side of the racecourse. Last year the mimic warfare raged at their feet, and they could follow each movement of attack and defence; but on Monday when the troops had marched by the sight was over for all that could not follow them far afoot, struggling through tangled gorse-bushes, painfully trudging over loose uneven ground, or breasting the steep down, which at some points rise at the most trying inclines.

Without a map it is not easy to describe the field of Monday's battle. On the far side of the Red-hill, the western ridge of the horseshoe running round the White Hawk Down, lies a deep valley or basin, bounded by an amphitheatre of down, which slopes away at a gentle incline and have their eastern and western spurs resting on the sea, inclosing between them the two picturesque villages of Oving-

dean and Rottingdean. The north-eastern extremity of the amphitheatre, which rises to some height, is known as Newmarket-hill, and in the north-west corner lie the extensive buildings of the Industrial School and the Warren Farm. At the southern extremity of the valley, just in front of Ovingdean, rises a huge circular hill, which cuts it in two and blocks access to the sea. When the troops had reached the northernmost point of the racecourse the fifth brigade of the first division, under the command of Colonel Brewster, inclined to the right and made rapidly for this hill, which was the position assigned to the "enemy." Colonel Brewster, who last year performed the same duty with so much skill and pertinacity, again commanded the invading force; and the troops under him were his own corps, the Inns of Court, the Garrison Brigade, 32nd Middlesex, 3rd London, 4th and 6th Tower Hamlets, and 2nd Administrative Battalion, Essex. To his command, also, were attached a field-battery of four 6-pounders of the Hon. Artillery Company; and he was also supported by a battery of four 18-pounders of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery. The rest of the volunteers marched on for another half mile or more, and ultimately took up a position facing towards the sea in a south-westerly direction, separated by about a mile of undulating ground from the enemy's position. The second division formed the front line, massed in columns of brigades at deploying distance, with the right resting on Warren Farm and their left on a spur of Newmarket-hill, and covered by a battery of four 6-pounders. The first division, acting as reserve, was drawn up 300 yards to the rear in contiguous columns at quarter distance. In the rear of the Warren Farm, at the extreme right of the ridge, and sweeping all along the crest of the Red-hill, were posted eight 18-pounders, two batteries of heavy guns were posted in front of the first line, and a couple of light guns of the Hon. Artillery Company, under the command of Captain Jay, were attached to the cavalry, and followed them closely throughout the day in spite of the difficulties of the ground. It was two o'clock before all the positions were occupied, and the spectacle then presented to the thousands of spectators who almost crowded the side of Red-hill was perhaps the most imposing ever seen at a volunteer review. There were close upon 20,000 men of all arms on the field.

As far as the hidden mysteries of military movements can be penetrated and followed by a civilian's eye, it may be supposed that the enemy, having made good a landing on the coast somewhere between Ovingdean and Rottingdean, was making his way in a north-easterly direction, with a view of fetching a sweep round on Brighton, when he suddenly found himself in front of an immensely superior attacking force. Finding it impossible to make further head against the powerful batteries playing upon him, Colonel Brewster must have determined to hold to the favourable position which he had attained on the summit of the mamelon. Ordering his men to the back of the crest, where they laid down to allow the enemy's shot to pass over them, he brought his four 6-pounders to the front, and opened fire immediately to check any attempt to dislodge him. To the right of his position, in the hollow beneath, lies Woodendan, a large farmhouse, with outbuildings, and inclosed on one side by a plantation of trees, which afforded strong cover for a defending force. This was the key of his position—the Hougoumont of the day, in fact; and it was clear that if he once lost it he would be in danger of being outflanked and forced back into the sea. To this point were dispersed five companies of the Inns of Court, who lined it with skirmishers and kept up a brisk fire on the left wing of the opposing force. A squadron of the 9th Lancers, advancing at a slow trot to feel for the enemy, came upon a party of "The Devil's Own," posted advantageously in a thicket of gorse-bushes, and were received with such a galling fire that they were compelled to retreat quickly on their supports. Again the Lancers charged in greater force; but the skirmishers, rapidly forming square, again drove back the cavalry, and, emboldened by their success, followed them up, taking advantage of every tree and bush to harass their retreat. It was not until Captain Jay's battery unlimbered and sent a few rounds into them that their ardour was checked, and they were driven back on the wood. Meanwhile, as it became evident that Colonel Brewster could not be dislodged very easily as long as he held possession of the Woodendan Farm, Lord Elcho, who commanded the left wing, was ordered to attack and carry it. Throwing out a battalion of the Queen's Westminsters as skirmishers, and supported by a battery of Horse Artillery, the fourth brigade moved quickly down the slope, and at the same time a general advance of the whole of the first line was ordered, each brigade detaching a battalion as skirmishers. The 9th West Middlesex performed this duty for the first brigade, and the 3rd Hants and 1st Sussex for the second and third brigades. While engaged in this movement it became necessary to prepare for an expected attack of cavalry, and in a few minutes both the first and the second division, which were advancing in support, were thrown into echelons of squares. This was one of the most beautiful movements of the day, and was effected with extraordinary rapidity and precision. The attack repulsed, the left wing again pressed forward towards Woodendan, and in a few minutes the Queen's Westminsters and the Inns of Court were engaged in a brisk contest. The "Devil's Own" held their ground manfully—so manfully that they attracted the reviewing General's special attention. "What corps are you?" asked Lord William Paulet, riding up to a party who was in the hottest of the fire. "Inns of Court, my Lord," was the reply. "And very good fellows, too," rejoined the General; "I should be very sorry to have you for an enemy." Still they were outnumbered, and were driven from the edge of the plantation, some of them scarcely making their escape before the enemy's skirmishers burst their way through the hedge. Slowly they retreated up the hill, making a stand now and again, but with little chance of success, for under the cover of the plantation Lord Elcho's brigade formed column, the London Scottish at their head, and advanced steadily up the hill. In vain Colonel Brewster brought up his main body and endeavoured to receive them in line. The Westminsters were hurrying up still further to the left, and in a few minutes he would have been outflanked. A crushing volley which the London Scottish delivered halfway up the hill completed his discomfiture, and he ordered his force to fall quickly back to gain the shelter of the 18-pounder battery on the opposite hill. Just in the hollow he encountered a new danger from the cavalry, which had stolen round the Wick valley, and almost caught him on his flank. There was hardly time to form squares before the Lancers came galloping along the valley almost at a racing speed, and charged right up to the bayonet. This was decidedly the greatest effect of the day. Three or four times the cavalry charged, retiring by squadrons as they were driven off by the withering fire kept up from the faces of the squares, and at the last charge the Hants Light Horse passed between two of the squares, cutting at the bayonets as they dashed along with all the excitement of a real contest. It was well for them that it was not, for the 3rd London, reserving their fire until the cavalry were close upon them, poured in tremendous volley at point blank, which, as Lord Cardigan, who was riding close by, exclaimed, "would have emptied every saddle!" Finding the square so firm and impenetrable, the cavalry fell back, and Colonel Brewster continued his retreat up the hill, keeping his men still in their formation of squares to be prepared for another attack from the cavalry, who rode on his flank in a parallel line, watching an opportunity to charge again, which, however, did not occur. By this both divisions of what we may call the English army had advanced on the position at first occupied by the enemy, and was formed on the crest of the hill in a long continuous line. In these respective positions a long fusillade was kept up by both sides, in the course of which the volley-firing of the London Scottish, the Civil Service, and Westminsters was specially praised by the military; and about half-past four the movements were terminated by the hasty retreat of Colonel Brewster and his brigade in the direction of the railway station. The other troops then marched off their ground, and, having been massed again at their several rendezvous, were draughted in the order in which they arrived in the morning as fast as trains could be provided for them.

## THE SPECTATORS.

If time and space allowed, as much might be said of these as of either the action or the scene thereof. The reader may number them at any amount he pleases. Certainly they were ten times as many as the actors in the day's performance. They resembled, both in

multitude and appearance, the concourse at Epsom on the Derby Day, and beyond that our English imagination of a popular gathering cannot stretch. The Grand Stand, to begin with, was laden with ticket-holders, though nothing could be seen there but the somewhat tedious ceremony of marching past and the smoke of the distant cannonade. The racecourse was strictly reserved for the troops and a few privileged individuals until the line of march had terminated. But the barriers on each side were thickly lined with eager and patient spectators—spectators of all ranks, from the occupants of barouche or brougham to the temporary owner of a donkey. Stands and booths had also been fitted up, and the vendors of refreshments proved the unfailing power of the law of supply and demand. Printed notices warned the public not to venture beyond the Red-hill; but the notices were boldly disregarded, and, in one instance, a man was, in consequence, knocked down and a good deal hurt by the horses of a gun. Another accident is reported to have taken place amongst the volunteers. On coming to the halt, a front-rank volunteer, his rifle at the trail, swung it backwards, so that the butt struck the leg of the man behind him, and positively broke the thighbone.

## ROYAL GENERAL THEATRICAL FUND.

THE seventeenth annual festival of this institution was celebrated on Saturday last at the Freemasons' Tavern, when upwards of 200 gentlemen sat down to dinner, under the presidency of Mr. Charles Dickens. A considerable number of ladies were also present after dinner. Among the company present were Mr. T. P. Cooke, Mr. A. Wigan, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Sergeant Ballantine, Mr. Alderman Phillips, &c.

After the removal of the cloth the usual loyal and national toasts were drunk, and the chairman then proposed the toast of the evening, "Success to the Royal General Theatrical Fund." After a humorous reference to Steele's paper in the *Twitter*, in which the respective merits of puppet over human actors are canvassed, and the decision of the Mayor pronounced in favour of the former, Mr. Dickens proceeded to observe that the "wicked player" was still necessary, were it only to afford comfort and satisfaction to a large number of well-meaning persons, who felt it to be their duty to disparage those who had contributed to their entertainment. It was an astonishing thing that there should be among a part of what was called the world a curious propensity to run up a little score against those who afford amusement or entertainment upon the stage. That could not be simply because the actor dressed himself for the part he had to sustain, because, as they all knew, there was an enormous amount of dressing and making up in high stations. He had never seen a worse make-up in the humblest country theatre than he could see in the House of Commons on any night when a message came down from the Lords; and he had personally known a Lord Chancellor with 25s. a week who, in his wig and robes, looked the part much better than the real article. The truth, he believed, was that the little harmless disposition to disparage the actor occupied a quiet, out-of-the-way corner of our nature; but, as he regarded it as ungenerous and ungracious, he had always set his face against it, in private as in public. He would say nothing about the actor which would in any way separate him, except favourably, from the great community of poor players, who all strut and fret their little hours upon this stage of life. The actor's worth to himself was as real as that of a banker or tradesman, and his fund—the General Theatrical Fund—was a business fund, collected on sound business and independent principles. The fund granted annuities to those of its members who were incapacitated from active pursuit of their profession, and it also afforded aid in times of sickness—sometimes even to those who were not members. It was a fund to which the members contributed periodically, according to calculated scales, often out of very inadequate and uncertain earnings. With all the drawbacks and burdens upon the actor, no one thoroughly acquainted with the inside of a theatre could point out any place where a more sacred bond of charitable brotherhood existed, where a more certain reliance could be placed upon sympathy with affliction, where there was greater generosity in ready giving, where there was a higher and more sacred respect for family ties, or where there was habitually a more cheerful voluntary bearing of burdens on already heavily-burdened backs. Having shown that actors were willing to help, and did help, themselves, he thought they were justified in expecting some genial assistance from the public, who derived not only amusement from their exertions, but also, as he contended, actual benefit from the lessons of generosity and kindness shown upon the stage.

Mr. Buckstone, the treasurer, then proceeded to give an account of the position and prospects of the fund, prefacing it by an expression of gratitude to Mr. Dickens for presiding for the third time over their annual festival, and upon this occasion as the representative of Mr. Wilkie Collins, whom illness had prevented from fulfilling a previous promise. The fund, whose seventeenth anniversary they were celebrating, had eighteen annuitants, of whom fourteen were ladies, receiving from £30 to £90 per annum each. The amount paid to the annuitants during the past year was £802 10s., while, after meeting other expenses set forth in the balance-sheet, they would possess, after that evening, an invested capital of little short of £13,000. A great necessity for careful management and increased exertion yet remained, because other claims upon the fund were yet maturing, and five additional members would shortly become eligible as annuitants. He thought it would stimulate the liberality of those present to know that their good and generous Queen still remembered the "poor player," and had sent her sixteenth annual donation of £100. There was one subject which he wished to touch upon, although it was not exactly a question for that moment. They all knew that there were two very wealthy dramatic funds—the Drury Lane and Covent Garden Funds, possessing between them a capital of nearly £200,000. The members of these funds were dying off, and from the position of the theatres—one having no longer anything to do with the drama—it was not likely that any fresh claimants upon these funds would be found. He would suggest that if the resources of those two funds could be amalgamated with those of the General Theatrical, the Dramatic and Equestrian, and the Dramatic College Funds, a vast amount of good could be done, and the labours of such men as David Garrick and the founders of the Drury Lane and Covent Garden Funds would not be lost to the profession for whose benefit they were formed.

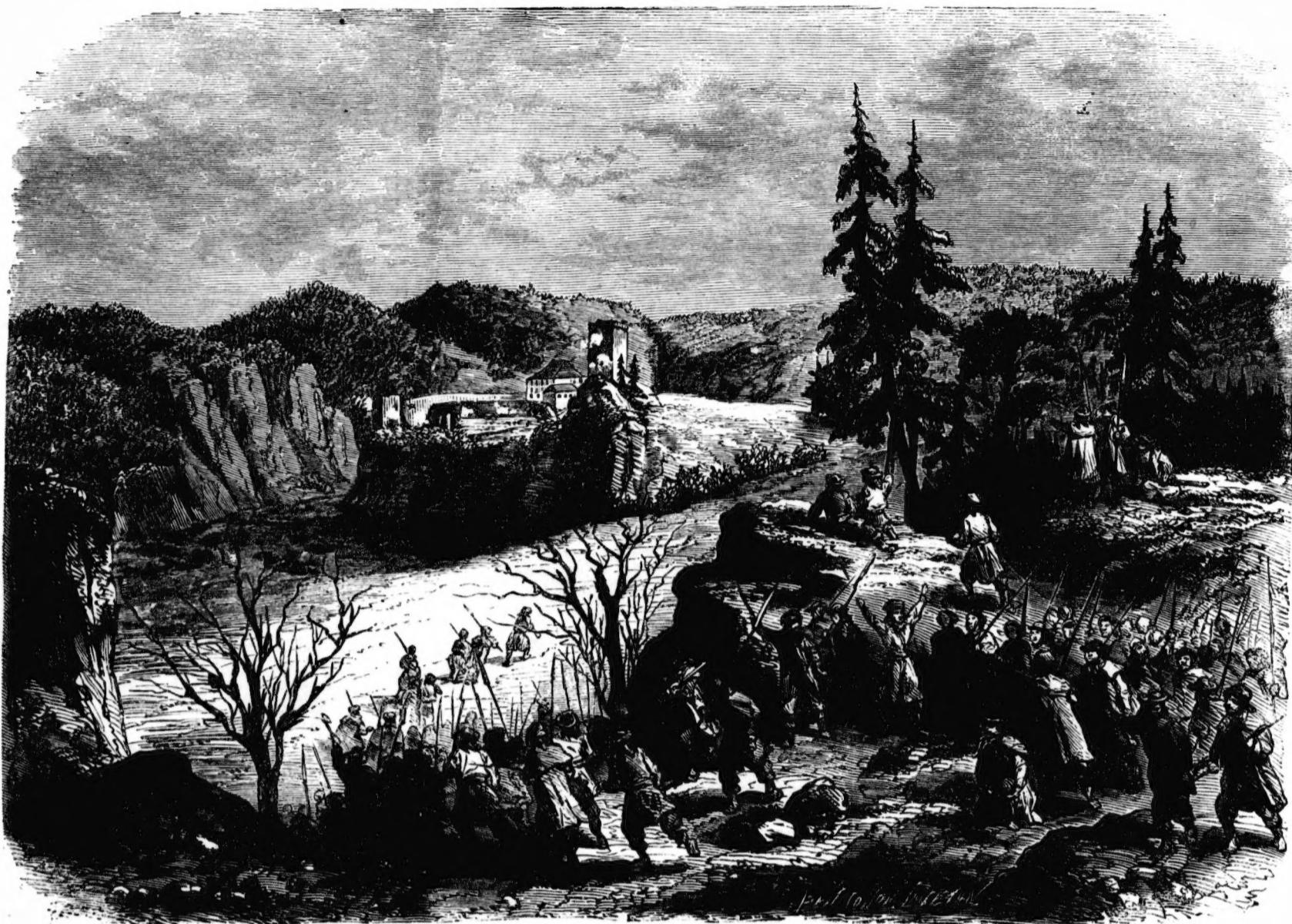
The result of the collection was stated to exceed £370.

After speeches from Mr. A. Wigan and other gentlemen, the proceedings were brought to a close by the toast of "The Ladies," proposed by the chairman, who said that he hoped next year it would be arranged that gentlemen would no longer monopolise the dinner-table, but that ladies would also be found occupying seats there.

A CITIZEN OF ALL THE STATES.—A son of the Emerald Isle, but not himself green, was taken up (for he was at the time down) near the rebel encampment not far from the Manassas Junction. In a word, Pat was taking a quiet nap in the shade, and was roused from his slumbers by a scouting party. He wore no special uniform of either army, but looked more like a spy than an alligator, and on this was arrested. "Who are you?" "What is your name?" and "Where are you from?" were the first questions put to him by the armed party. Pat rubbed his eyes, scratched his head, and answered—"By my faith, gentlemen, them is ugly questions to answer any how; and before I answer any of them I'd be after axin' you, by yer lave, the same thing." "Well," said the leader, "we are of Scott's army, and belong to Washington." "All right," said Pat, "I know'd ye was gentlefolks, for I am the same. Long life to General Scott!" "Ah, ah!" replied the scout, "now, you rascal, you are our prisoner!" and seized him by the shoulder. "How is this?" inquired Pat; "are we not friends?" "No," was the answer; "we belong to General Beauregard's army." "Then you told me a lie, my boys; and, thinking it might be so, I told you 'nother. Now, tell me the truth, and I'll tell the truth too." "Well, we belong to the State of South Carolina." "So do I," promptly responded Pat, "and to all the other States of the country, too; and there, I am thinking, I hate the whole of ye. Do you think I would come all the way from Ire and to belong to one State, when I had a right to belong to the whole of 'em?"

DEATH FROM DESTITUTION.—A frightful case of destitution came to light at a coroner's inquest in the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green on Saturday last. The inquest was held on the body of a woman named Sarah Moore. Her husband was a watch-finisher, and they had nine children—the whole family living in one room at the top of a house in Nicholl's-street, Bethnal-green. It was stated by one witness that for three years past the husband had only earned 11s. per week, out of which 8s. had to be paid for rent. Eleven people had therefore to be maintained on 11s. per week. They made application to the workhouse authorities for relief, but, it is alleged, were refused unless they would go into the house. One day the poor woman was out in the rain for several hours seeking to get some money or food. Already enfeebled by want of proper sustenance, she was seized with an attack of fever, and died absolutely wanting the commonest necessities of life. Before she laid down to die she went, it is stated, to the overseer, and asked him to take her children into the workhouse. He refused. Medical evidence proved that the whole family was on the verge of perishing from starvation. Taking into account the charges made against the workhouse authorities, the Coroner adjourned the inquest, in order that inquiries might be made.

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.—The weather having been, on the whole, tolerably auspicious for the holidays, immense numbers of people took advantage to go into the country, greater or lesser distances. On Good Friday the ordinary places of resort in the suburbs of London—such as Hampstead Heath, Hornsey, Highgate, &c.—were crowded with groups of people, mostly families, who seemed greatly to enjoy the day's relaxation and fresh air. An immense number of excursionists left London on Monday by every available means. The Crystal Palace had its thousands of holiday-makers. Brighton, of course, had great attractions for a large number of visitors. The river steam-boats were thronged, and the places of amusement were crowded. Easter Monday is a favourite holiday with Londoners, and Monday was no exception to the ordinary rule.



THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.—ATTACK ON THE CHATEAU OF OJCOW BY THE POLISH INSURGENTS.

#### THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

It would seem that the progress of the Polish insurrection has now rendered it difficult to revert only to the Treaty of 1815 as a basis for the definite settlement of a new Constitution. Wearyed with the long and oppressive tyranny by which their enemies have endeavoured to crush the national spirit, the Poles have risen, with a determination too well organised and too deliberate to represent the last effort of despair, and demand, by including Lithuania, even an extension of those claims for the fulfilment of which they have waited nearly half a century. Whatever may be the result, it would appear that the success of the revolution will not altogether depend upon the

influence of any particular leader, and the position of the Polish people demands and receives, not only the sympathy but the admiration of more powerful nations.

It is scarcely too much to say that almost all the small concessions which the Russian Government has from time to time granted to Poland have been intended only to cajole the people, and have been accepted only as tricks of State policy. They have been regarded only as fresh insults to a nation oppressed beyond endurance; and any attempt to Russify the Poles, either in their national characteristics or their social habits, has had the effect of cementing them more closely in a determined resistance to domination. There

never was a time in the history of the country when parties were more entirely agreed than they are at present, and many of the attempts to introduce disaffection amongst them have ended in drawing their various sections more closely together with one common object. It is wonderful that so much unity of action in this respect should have been maintained during the past thirty years, and that no efforts on the part of their conquerors should have succeeded in reducing those distinctions which have always marked the hatred of the people who refused to adopt a bondage too powerful to be overthrown, but always resisted with unyielding spirit.

There is no more significant sign of this resistance, especially



THE BATTLE OF MIECHOW.—(FROM A SKETCH BY M. J. BRIDAKI.)



CAMP OF INSURGENTS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF MICHALOWICZ.

amongst the upper classes, than the general refusal of Poles to take State employment, although they are actually encouraged to do so by the Russian authorities. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, in his admirable book, "The Polish Captivity," says that the instances are very rare indeed in which Poles of independent position enter the Russian service. A member of one of the great families of Poland cannot serve the Russian Government without endangering, at the present moment not without certainly losing, his good name as a patriot, and, accordingly, nearly all the important posts in the kingdom of Poland have to be filled by Russians. It seems in the great majority of cases as if no personal advantage would induce a Pole to forego his share in the national protest, or to appear to be reconciled to the national oppressor.

Conciliation, however, has not been the usual method adopted by the Russian Government in relation to Poland; and the cruelties by which the Emperor Nicholas sought to exterminate the liberties of that unhappy country are little likely to be forgotten by a people

who are superior to their oppressors in most of the moral qualifications which should distinguish great nations. Poland in 1772. At that time 10,000 Russian soldiers held Poland in subjection, though she had still 20,000 soldiers of her own; yet now the whole country is crowded with Russian soldiers (there were 100,000 in the "kingdom" alone during the Crimean War), and not a Pole is allowed to carry arms.

It is well known to most of our readers with what patient—it might almost be said lofty—endurance the people of Warsaw have met the tyrannous and galling restrictions which have been made to apply to almost every act not only of their national but of their social life. How the Polish ladies have entirely abstained from dancing, and have refused all alliance with the connections of Russian families or those averse to the patriotic party. How, when the colours which were supposed to represent Polish nationality were forbidden to be worn, the whole nation went into mourning, and the city of Warsaw lay sad and silent, its streets and squares almost deserted, except by the

Russian troops encamped to threaten the inhabitants—how the quiet was at length broken by the armed Cossacks firing upon the people and breaking into the churches to cut down the defenceless worshippers.

The whole tenor of the opposition has displayed a certain dignity, which, while it has exposed the meanness and cruelty of their oppressors, has roused the sympathies of Europe in favour of a people who could maintain their cause against such wearisome persecution, and wait till they believed there was a fitting opportunity for action. In the belief that there is now no subject which occupies a larger share of public interest than the present condition and ultimate prospects of Poland, we publish a series of Illustrations, which may serve to give our readers some accurate impressions respecting the country and its people.

THE ENGAGEMENTS AT OJCOW AND MIECHOW.  
The success of the insurgents against the greatly superior forces of



THE BATTLE OF VENGROV.—(FROM SKETCHES BY M. LALLEMAND.)

the enemy during the first days of the revolution, not only sustained the national spirit but kept alive such sympathies as might have been quenched by a decided defeat at the outset of the patriotic movement.

Our Engravings represent some of the early engagements by which the Polish bands gained the advantage; and, though they were afterwards compelled to abandon the positions they had obtained, the insurgents—composed as they were of untrained and frequently of untried soldiers, and peasants armed only with the scythe, which has become so terrible, maintained their prestige in every fight.

In the battle of Miechow the Poles were, as usual, outnumbered by the enemy; and, although they attacked the place, were repulsed, and compelled to wait for reinforcements. Disconsolate at the want of success, yet undismayed, the men determined to bivouac close to the road to Kielce. While here they saw a Russian officer in grand tenue galloping over the road. They watched with much anxiety, knowing that from that direction alone aid to their enemy might arrive. The commander of the Poles, not having yet dismounted, spurred his horse and overtook the fellow, who turned out to be the bearer of the following despatch from the Russian commandant at Miechow:—

"This morning, at five o'clock, a rebel detachment 2000 strong attacked me in three columns, and was repulsed. As I anticipate a repetition of the assault, I beg to be reinforced."

This despatch and its messenger falling into the hands of the Poles, the Russian General at Kielce was left in ignorance of the needs of the Russians; the succour did not arrive; and the patriots, whose number did not amount to one-fifth of that given in that despatch, satisfied with the impression they had created, returned instantly to the attack, drove out the Russians, and took possession of the place (Miechow), though inferior in number. The advantage, however, could not be maintained, and was, of course, followed by no decided results.

Proceeding in several columns from Czenstochowa and Kielce, the last Russian operation seems to have been a concentric movement, undertaken by overpowering numbers, against the less formidable corps of Kurowski. Having first met with him near Ojcow, they next prevented his daring attempt to cut his way through the enemy at Miechow and join the forces under Langiewicz, which, to assist his intention, had been pushed on to the west as far as Stobnica. The fight of Miechow, though it ended in the defeat of the Russians, had too much exhausted the Polish irregulars to enable them to continue their march, and, on the Ojcow column appearing in their rear, nothing remained but to effect a hasty retreat, which soon degenerated into a flight and the general dispersion of the corps. Kurowski shot himself upon the field of battle.

The Poles soon recovered from the check they had received, however, and fresh corps were formed rapidly in every part of the kingdom.

Some peasants who witnessed the doings of the Russian soldiers at Miechow said that they behaved like wild beasts. After the insurgents under Kurowski had been put to flight the Russians made an unprovoked attack on the inhabitants of the town. The Burgomaster Ozzechowski was bayoneted by a Russian gendarme, and the body dragged naked through the streets. In spite of the remonstrances of their officers, the Cossacks forced their way into some of the houses, "which they plundered, after having put old and young to death." Some Russian officers, at the risk of their own lives, defended the entrance to a building in which were assembled eighty women and girls. The soldiers, who were under the influence of liquor, made such violent attempts to obtain entrance that the officers were at last obliged to send their portegées into a wood at the back of the house, where they wandered about during the whole night. As the Russians left but four houses standing in Miechow, about 2000 persons must have been without a roof under which to lay their heads.

#### THE CAMP OF GENERAL LANGIEWICZ NEAR MICHALOWICZ

The camp of the late General of the Polish forces was but a temporary resting place for the small army with which he effected so much and in so short a space of time. We have already published some particulars of those scythemen who will henceforth be identified with the Polish insurrection. These and some other irregular corps—few in number, but strong in courage and determination—made the army of Poland at the camp of the General who lately called himself "Dictator." The number of his force is stated to have been 6000 just before his retirement, and it is generally spoken of as a mistake to form so large a single corps, on account of the impossibility of victualling it, except on the Austrian frontier, which was closed on the 15th of March.

The whole thing is a mystery, and perhaps nobody really knows the precise reason for the sudden disappearance of Langiewicz, without any previous warning to his troops.

There are reports of treachery, of course, but they seem to have no more foundation than the hints of jealous men can give them; there are more probable explanations of a disagreement amongst his officers, who differed from his proposal to go on to Lublin without them; and there is an explanation which declares that he kept silence only as a matter of prudence, intending to proceed secretly to Lublin. The Russians were suddenly to have been struck with amazement by the news that Langiewicz had issued a proclamation calling the whole population of the province of Lublin to arms, and that he had already taken the command of a formidable body of insurgents in that province. The plan was so nearly being executed that Langiewicz, thanks to his false passport, succeeded in satisfying the authorities at the frontier of Galicia, and was allowed to proceed on his way to Tarnow, when some Austrian gendarmes, whose suspicions had been raised, seized him and conducted him to that town in custody; otherwise he had horses waiting for him at Tarnow, and relays at all the stations on the road from Tarnow to Janow, in the Lublin country, or "Lubelski."

The ex-Dictator is now residing at a small town in the vicinity of Brunn, in Moravia.

#### CRACOW.

The territory of which Cracow is the capital was formerly a part of the old kingdom of Poland. By the partition treaty of 1795 it fell to the share of Austria, and in 1809 was, with Western Galicia, added to the Grand Duchy of Warsaw.

At the Vienna Congress, in 1815, it was formed by the Allies into an independent republic, but was again incorporated with the Austrian dominions in 1846, and is now included in the Grand Duchy of Cracow, the western division of Galicia.

The ancient city of Cracow, formerly the capital of the Polish kingdom, is one of the most interesting places in the world, on account of its antiquity and of the many associations with which it is connected in the history of a country once powerful, and now struggling against oppression.

It is situated in a fine valley on the left bank of the Vistula, and is surrounded by promenades, and contains a spacious square. The great peculiarity of Cracow, besides its irregular streets and the quaintness of its buildings, is the decayed appearance of both houses and churches; of the latter there are a large number, and the cathedral, where the remains of many of the ancient kings of Poland are preserved, contains above fifty altars and more than twenty chapels. Perhaps the most interesting building in Cracow is the castle, which was built about A.D. 700, the city itself having been founded in the thirteenth century.

There can be no doubt that the general liberty enjoyed by the inhabitants of Austrian Poland is much greater than that permitted to the Poles of the kingdom; but still the old hatred of the Slavonian to the German race, and above all, the galling restraints of foreign domination and the desire for national unity, make the people of Cracow peculiarly sensitive to any change which may have its origin in Warsaw, with which they are in constant communication through the railway. Still there is a vast difference between the Austrian and the Russian rule. From Cracow the traveller may go where he pleases without question, and even without inspection of passports; while even a suburban drive from Warsaw is attended with all the inconvenience of getting the passport *visé*, and to travel to a distance it is necessary to obtain half a dozen signatures. Any "liberty of the press," too, in Warsaw is unknown, since journals are absolutely forbidden to make any comments whatever; in Cracow there are only such restrictions as are adopted in other countries

where a careful censorship is exercised, an arrangement which gives the Poles of Cracow an opportunity of expressing in the *Czas* those sentiments of opposition to the Russian rule which the Poles of Warsaw have no opportunity of proclaiming, or, at any rate, of printing in their journals.

In 1848 the peasants of Galicia were liberated, with their land, by the Government which had carefully reserved for itself the credit of a measure sooner or later inevitable; and at the present moment they form, as in Prussia, a class of small freeholders having no necessary relations with the proprietors, their former masters, except in the Galician Diet. But the Austrian rule is regarded by all the educated classes in Cracow with abhorrence, and the educational establishments themselves are under just the sort of oppression which rouses the hatred of the Poles. Until within the last six months German was the language of the public offices and schools throughout Galicia, even to the University of Cracow. Since the reforms which followed the presentation of the Galician address on the 31st of December, 1860, Polish is the principal, but by no means the only, language of the Administration, and it is nominally that of public instruction. An official is bound to reply either in Polish or German, according as he is addressed, if he understands Polish; and Polish has been re-established as the medium of instruction, but not to the prejudice of those professors who happen to be ignorant of the language. It is scarcely necessary to say that modern Polish history forms no part of the public instruction. Since the absorption of Cracow by Austria it has fallen from one of the cheapest and, commercially, one of the most flourishing cities in the world, to an overtaxed and impoverished community. About four millions of florins have been spent on the fortifications, for which the people have, of course, been made to pay. Every height around Cracow has been made the site of a fort; "as if," say the Cracovians, "the artillery from the castle was not sufficient to destroy the city, while, if a liberating army once made its appearance outside, all the fortifications in the world would not prevent us from joining it." For the rest, Austria has sacrificed the revenues of the Academy, confiscated property belonging to the municipality of Cracow, taken possession of Church property, converted chapels into tobacco-stores, turned the Palace into a dirty barrack swarming with troops and replete of evil smells, and claimed the cathedral. Upon the great mound where the bones of Kosciusko were deposited in 1820—a mound raised by patriotic Poles upon the highest ground outside Cracow, and overlooking the ancient city—the Austrians have constructed a strong-hold, where the army of occupation secure a most eligible military position.

In Cracow the Polish national costume is, amongst the men, almost universal; the ladies, like their sisters in Warsaw, are dressed in mourning. There are scarcely any social amusements in Cracow; and Mr. Edwards mentions a wedding party, of the lower, or at least the lower middle, class, where the company confined their amusements to the singing of the national hymn. The insurgents have continued during the insurrection to obtain reinforcements from the Cracovian patriots, parties of whom went out by night to join in the popular movement and aid the national cause, even in the terrible ordeal for which Poland has long been prepared. The state of the country, however, seems to have rendered Cracow itself one of the liveliest places in all Poland at the present juncture. The special correspondent of the *Times*, writing from that city, says:—

Instead of the deserted look which it generally presents all the principal streets are now as crowded as those of London on a general holiday. The hotels are "crammed to suffocation," as theatrical managers say, and visitors in search of rooms have to subscribe their names on the books and to wait an indefinite time for their turn to be admitted. Numbers of young men leave Cracow every day, or rather every night, on business which is evidently of a very urgent nature; but there still remains an immense surplus population for which no accommodation can be provided, and which somehow or other contrives not to sleep in the streets. The Austrian police creates vacancies in the hotels from time to time by its system of midnight arrests; otherwise new-comers would really have no chance of getting a decent room in Cracow, for those who take their departure of their own accord name their successors before leaving.

This unprecedented influx of visitors is not to be attributed to the break up of Langiewicz's army, but to the general attractiveness of the insurrection, and also to the terror inspired by the Russian soldiers to avoid whom some 1500 proprietors, with their families, have taken refuge here. When Langiewicz was close to the frontier Cracow was quite as full as it is now; many of the insurgents kept on their rooms at their hotels, and, after a good day's fighting in the kingdom of Poland, came back to Cracow to supper, telling the waiter when they went to bed to call them the first thing in the morning, that they might be in time for an early battle.

I must do the Austrian Government the justice to say that it endeavours to prevent insurgents from passing hence into the kingdom; and Austria will not be in the least to blame if two new bands of 1000 men each make their appearance in a few days on the other side of the frontier. Most of the hotels in Cracow have been visited by the police during the past week. In these cases it is generally thought necessary to arrest some one. Accordingly, three persons were seized at the Hôtel de Saxe, four at the Hôtel Sobieski, two at the Hôtel de Russie, and upwards of a dozen at the Hotel of the White Eagle.

#### PROGRESS OF THE MOVEMENT.

The telegraph continues to forward accounts of engagements between the Polish insurgents and the Russian troops, and in almost all the result is described as favourable to the Poles. Anarchy is said to reign in the chief departments of Government at Warsaw. Arrests are of hourly occurrence, and the citadel is full of prisoners of all classes. General Berg is to assume the civil administration of Poland in the event of the Grand Duke Constantine being prevented from discharging the duties of the office.

A very important telegram comes from Cracow. According to it an insurrection has broken out in the departments of Poniewicz and Szwale, which has been joined en masse by the nobility and middle classes. Insurrectionary risings are also reported from Lithuania and Courland, thus carrying the scene of operations towards the Baltic, and even to the Gulf of Riga.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1863.

#### THE NEW SUNDAY BILL.

We have no anticipation that the proposed enactment for wholly restraining the sale of liquors upon Sundays will ever become law, else we might be led to consider the matter upon its actual merits, and to adduce, either against it or in its favour, such arguments as might appear to us desirable to be brought prominently forward upon the question.

But we have no doubt whatever as to the fate of the bill. Like other attempts of the same kind, it will fail, after having excited much needless misconception and animosity. Many of its opponents will refuse to regard it in any other light than that of a futile struggle for supremacy on the part of the Puritan and the bigot. On the other hand, its advocates will consider themselves defeated by the worldly-minded in a philanthropic endeavour to remove temptation from the path of the poor and lowly. As in most party contests, so in the present, if, indeed, it may be called a contest, we believe the

truth and justice of the case to be monopolised by neither side. We respect the promoters of the bill as honest, earnest, and thoroughly well-meaning persons. At the same time we consider them to be utterly mistaken, both in the means which they wish to employ to carry out their benevolent purpose and in the results which they are led to hope from such means if successful.

The movement is especially intended for the benefit of the working man. We are justified in this assumption, not only by the speeches made in support of the bill, but by the handbills industriously posted over London by its zealous advocates. These speeches and bills appear to take for granted that the British mechanic insists upon spending every possible hour of the day of rest in swilling at the nearest pothouse. This is the view which pious legislators, teetotal lecturers, and other uninformed classes will persist, against all reason and evidence, in taking of the largest proportion of what are termed "the masses." The working man is seldom, if ever, seen at church, consequently it is supposed that he must spend the Sunday in getting drunk.

We will not speculate on the working man's reasons for not going to church. We admit he is there but rarely indeed. If piously disposed, the Methodist chapel is commonly more to his taste. But we maintain that, certainly, his delight upon Sundays is not to booze in the public-house. Usually, weather permitting, his delight is to take a stroll or a ride of a few miles into the country with his wife and family, halting only at the roadside inn for reasonable and temperate refreshment. His greatest dissipation at home is sitting smoking his pipe in the afternoon over a single glass of beer or grog and reading his weekly newspaper. The English artisan is altogether one of the most patient, docile, and well-conducted of all the subjects in Europe; but there are certain limits to his endurance and to his tractability. There is, perhaps, a class living which has so great a reverence for the day of rest, understood as such, and recreation is to him as much rest as a few hours at the theatre, the opera-house, or the club to the hard-worked intellects of the man of business. Hence, he will brook no interference with his Sunday.

The real and main result of the proposed enactment would not be to keep him out of the urban public-house. It would be to close against him every means of obtaining even so much as a glass of beer during his Sunday excursion. It would be practically to shut up Greenwich Park, Hampstead Heath, and similar places of popular resort upon the only day upon which he can visit them without a sacrifice of his labour, to his own loss and that of the community. The system already has been extended quite sufficiently. On every Sunday one may see for miles around the more frequented rural suburbs a policeman at the door of almost every tavern, rigidly guarding it against the pedestrian, while permitting respectability in his gig to obtain, unquestioned, any amount of liquor. Nor is this confined to Sundays. On Christmas Day—the day of all others which all Christendom regards as a festival—the same restrictions are enforced just as rigorously. The old Puritans themselves never went so far as this. They, in their zeal to avoid the suspicion of Romanism, prohibited mincemeat and roast goose at Christmas; but they did so only in their anxiety to signalise their Protestantism by refusing to the day any kind whatever of special observance. We adopt the Catholic festival and engraft upon it the stringent restrictions of the Puritan and Hebrew Sabbath.

These restrictions scarcely affect the higher middle classes. Their well-stocked cellars save them the necessity of an occasional errand to the public-house for the meridian pale ale, or the dinner or supper beer. If they choose to travel, the hotel proprietor will always welcome them at any hour on any day. It is the labourer against whom the full force of Sunday enactments is brought to bear. And it is, as we have shown, the labourer, who does not attend the church service where others above and below him in social status are usually to be found.

Perhaps it is sought to force him thither by closing against him every other avenue of Sunday enjoyment. If so, no means could be employed more certain than this to effect precisely the opposite object. The most rigorous of Sabbatharian laws might have the effect of driving him into the streets as a passive abettor of a riot, but never of inducing him to enter the church as a fellow-worshipper with those who had deprived him of a long-cherished privilege. And it can scarcely be denied that this sabbatical rigour has not always been held to be a principle of the English Church. In the early years of the Reformation, as still in Catholic countries, recreation shared the day with devotion. The Puritans, who identified the Lord's Day with the Sabbath, were those who drove forth the ministers of the State Church and dethroned the Monarch. And the sequence, one may almost say the result, of the restraints which they imposed upon the healthy enjoyments of the people was the period of wild excess, of hideous immorality, of loose literature, of national depravity, calamity, and disgrace, which distinguished the age of the Restoration.

**THE CHIEF COMMISSIONERSHIP OF THE CITY POLICE.**—The City Police Committee have presented their report in reference to the appointment of a Chief Commissioner of Police in the room of the late Daniel Whittle Harvey. They make various recommendations as to the duties he shall be required to perform—these being of a more extensive character than those which have hitherto devolved upon the Chief Commissioner. The salary they suggest is £1000 per annum, with a residence in the Old Jewry. There are several candidates in the field for the post.

**THE ALEXANDRA CHANNEL.**—The following notice from the Trinity House Corporation has been posted at the Townhall, Custom House, and other public buildings at Gravesend:—"Notice is hereby given that, in commemoration of the arrival of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales in the River Thames, on Saturday, March 7, 1863, the channel recently buoyed, and now known as the Shingles, through which the Royal yacht passed, will, with the gracious permission of her Royal Highness, be hereafter called the 'Alexandra Channel.'"

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE (Princess Alice of England) was safely delivered of a Princess on Sunday morning, at a quarter before five o'clock. The latest bulletin states that the Princess and her child are "going on perfectly well."

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS is so much restored to health that he drove on Monday up and down the Brussels boulevards several times.

THE EX-KING OF THE TWO SICILIES has disposed of all his jewels to a Florentine house for about 80,000 Roman scudi (400,000£).

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY has arrived at Alexandria, escorted by six war-vessels.

THE EX-QUEEN MARIA SOPHIA OF NAPLES is at last returning to Rome. She left Munich on Wednesday, and is travelling by way of Marseilles, in order, no doubt, to avoid the odious kingdom of Italy.

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT has taken twenty-five couples of foxhounds and a number of horses to the Continent, with the intention of hunting wolves at Poitiers.

LARGE NUMBERS OF MARRIAGES were celebrated gratuitously in several of the metropolitan churches on Monday in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

PRINCE WILLIAM OF DENMARK, the chosen King of Greece, is, according to a Cologne paper, to be the husband of Princess Louisa of England.

GERMAN ART has just sustained a heavy loss. Henry de Hess, the famous battle-painter, died last week at Munich, aged sixty-five. He was for many years director of the Royal museums.

AN ENORMOUS WHALE has just been cast ashore at Dunkirk in a violent gale. It measures over 100 ft. in length. Its death-struggles on the sands lasted two hours.

WALTER HUTCHENCE died last week in Wilton Workhouse, aged 103 years. In 1776 he was in the Wilts militia.

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP ORPHEUS was totally wrecked on Manakau Bar, New Zealand, on the 7th of February, with loss of Commodore Burnett, 22 officers, and 157 men.

THE KING OF HANOVER has conferred on M. Vieuxtemps the gold medal of science and merit, as a recognition of the dedication to his Majesty of the celebrated violinist's sonatas.

"MACBETH" is all the rage in Paris. Dramatised or translated by Lacroix, and the principal character supported by Taillade, its success and vogue have been so great that the Odéon illuminates every night in its honour.

A NEWLY-LAUNCHED VESSEL, suspected to be a Confederate gun-boat, has been placed under surveillance by the authorities at Liverpool.

SPAIN is about to send reinforcements to Cochin-China, as the Annamite Emperor refuses to execute certain conditions of the treaty.

A MAN was killed in a pugilistic encounter in a field at Bow on Monday morning. His antagonist made his escape at the time, but has since been captured. He, too, was terribly punished in the contest.

A NUMBER OF THE STALYBRIDGE RIOTERS have been convicted at the Chester Assizes, and sentenced to imprisonment for periods varying from one to six months. The prisoners were mostly lads of from fourteen to twenty years of age.

"HUM!" says a serious chap, gloomily, to a Yankee General, "you're worth millions to a suffering country—you are." "Flatterer!" says the General, blandly. "Yes," says the chap, "you're worth millions, with a hundred per cent off for cash."

A COMPANY is being formed to erect a theatre in Chancery-lane, in order to accommodate the playgoers of Holborn and the neighbourhood.

A MAN, named John Harbor, of Champaign County, Ohio, recently dead, was the father of thirty-one children, the youngest of whom is about two years old. He managed to give all who have arrived at maturity an outfit of thirty acres of land.

MR. GLADSTONE sustained a fall from his horse while riding in Rottenrow, on Saturday, and was severely cut about the face and bruised on other parts of the body. The injuries of the right hon. gentleman are not, however, of a serious character, and will only necessitate confinement to the house for a few days.

THE BODY OF ENSIGN VIDAL, who lost his life during the recent mutiny of the crew of a Peruvian man-of-war, at Blackwall, was picked up alongside the Venus hulk on Monday.

AT A SALE OF NAVAL STORES the other day, at Haulbowline, a woman purchased a sailor's old jacket. On examining the article, she found concealed in the lining two £5 Bank of England notes and a Bank order for £90.

VERDI has engaged to write a grand opera, in five acts, to be called "Salammbo." The words will be by M. Théophile Gautier and Gustave Flouret. It is to be ready in two years, and will be produced at the Grand Opera at Paris.

MR. HYDE CLARKE, an engineer engaged in constructing railways in the East, has lately discovered, at Samos, the foundations of the famous Temple of Juno.

A MARRIAGE is arranged to take place between Lady Jane Hay, daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweeddale, and sister of the Duchess of Wellington and Lady Emily Peel, and Colonel Richard C. H. Taylor, C.B. (late of the 79th Highlanders), Assistant Adjutant-General at Shorncliffe.

MRS. LUSKETT, wife of a stevedore, having become intoxicated, fell down stairs in her own house, and, from no entrance being obtainable, lay wounded and alone for thirty-six hours. On an entrance being forced into the house she was found with a severe wound in the head, from which she almost immediately expired.

AN ATTEMPT was made on Sunday to hold a meeting in Hyde Park to express sympathy with Poland. The police, however, interfered, and prevented speeches from being made. This conduct was freely discussed, but there was not the slightest attempt to run counter to it.

MR. FARADAY has discovered that suffocated persons may be revived by passing a form of magnetism, known by his name, into what surgeons will understand as the phrenic nerve. The French physiologists have tried it on scores of cats and dogs suffocated, and called it, in compliment to England, the "Paradise" plan.

COUNT SIGISMUND WIELOPOLSKI, son of the Russo-Polish Minister at Warsaw, has sent a challenge to Prince Napoleon in consequence of certain remarks made by the latter in his late speech in the French Senate on Polish affairs; and, the challenge not having been accepted, Count Sigismund has published his letter in the newspapers.

THE NORWICH GATES, subcribed for in the county of Norfolk, were presented to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on Tuesday.

EMMA PHILLIPS, a young lady respectably connected, and engaged as an apprentice at a West-end millinery establishment, committed suicide last week by leaping into the river at London Bridge while labouring under temporary insanity.

THE RUMOUR OF THE TAKING OF HERAT by Dost Mohammed is stated to have been unfounded.

A TELEGRAM received in London from the port of Malmö, in Sweden, states that the Ward Parker from England bearing volunteer recruits for Poland had been laid under embargo there. The volunteers were enthusiastically applauded by the people. The vessel had been chartered to land the passengers at a particular point on the coast, but the captain getting frightened, abandoned the ship, and her detention was the result. The charterers have entered a protest against the captain's conduct.

THE SANATORIUM ASSOCIATION.—A company has just been started under this title to supply a desideratum which has long been felt by the medical profession and by the public at large—viz., an asylum for the treatment of mental diseases among the higher and middle classes. With this view a contract has been entered into for the purchase of an estate at Hendon, where a building is to be erected on a large scale, and arrangements will be made to afford such comfort and accommodation to the inmates as will be commensurate with their position in society. Medical officers of the highest skill and experience in the particular departments they represent have already been engaged; and the board of directors is composed of gentlemen whose names are a sufficient guarantee that the institution will be conducted upon sound and honourable principles.

A STRANGE INVENTION.—There was an exhibition of agricultural implements a few days since at Lyons, and among them were remarked several instruments for the destruction of animals who feed upon vegetables to the injury of the farmer. One of these instruments is worthy of examination, being to these previously in use what the rifled cannon is to the smooth bore. It is, in fact, a very unexpected application of artillery, being composed of small pistols, of which the lock is set in motion by a lever turned back on the barrel, and extending two or three centimetres beyond the mouth. When a gardener wishes to destroy a mole, for example, he places the instrument, charged with gunpowder, on the path of the animal, taking care to fix the point of the lever of the lock across the hole, so that the animal cannot pass without raising the lever with his back. The pistol is thus discharged, and the animal is shot point blank. If a charge of powder is not sufficient, a few grains of shot may be added.

THE MURDER AT ACTON.—Joseph Brooks and Isaac Brooks, brothers, were tried at the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday on a charge of having murdered William Davey, a police-constable, at Acton. Davey was shot at his own door on the 19th of January last. The evidence against the prisoners was purely of a circumstantial character. At the close of the case for the prosecution Mr. Ribton, for Isaac Brooks, submitted that no evidence had been adduced to show his complicity in the crime, and Baron Wilde directed a verdict of acquittal. Joseph Brooks was, however, found guilty, and was sentenced to death in the ordinary form. His sister, who was in Court, screamed out loudly when sentence was pronounced upon him.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

IN one week from the publication of your Paper the Budget will be opened. I do not myself believe that anything about its contents is positively known. Straws, however, tell us which way the wind blows. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been making inquiries about the tea trade of late, from which it is anguished, reasonably enough, that he means to reduce the tea duty. When a deputation waited upon him to represent the bad effects of the sugar duties, words were dropped which led the deputation to believe that he will alter them, and the stir that there has been of late in the sugar and tea markets seems to show that the rumours about the taxes on sugar and tea are believed on "Change." But is he not bound, before he reduces these indirect taxes, to lower the war tax upon incomes? It is understood that he is, and it is deemed certain at the clubs that he will take off a penny at least. Some assert that he will reduce this tax upon incomes between £100 and £150 from 9d. to 7d. Everything, however, is doubtful, and will be so until the Budget shall be unlocked. It is doubtful even whether he has the money to do all these fine things. A reduction of the income and property tax by 2d. would alone absorb nearly two millions.

The history of this income tax is curious. It was introduced by Sir Robert Peel, in 1842 as a temporary measure, for a "time to be limited," for the purpose of "remedying the mighty and growing evil of deficient revenue." The amount in that year was 7d. on all incomes above £150. It has lasted twenty years. In 1853 Mr. Gladstone made the first alteration in this tax. He kept it at 7d. on incomes of £150 and upwards, taxed incomes of £100 and under £150 at 5d., extended the tax to Ireland, and proposed gradually to reduce it year by year until the 5th of April, 1860, when certain long annuities would fall in, and then to give it up altogether. But war broke out in 1854, and the tax was lifted up to 10d. and 1s. 2d.; in 1855 to 11½d. and 1s. 4d.; in 1856 it was the same; in 1857 it dropped to 5d. and 7d.; in 1858 it was 5d. on all incomes from £100; in 1859 it jumped up to 6d. and 9d.; in 1860 it further rose to 7d. and 10d.; in 1861 it fell to 6d. and 9d.; and this is what it stands at now. From 1842 to 1861 inclusive one hundred and sixty millions of money were raised by this tax.

And now I am on this subject I will give your readers a few amusing facts. By a return which shows the number of persons charged to the income tax under schedule D, which includes all the profits of manufactures, trades, and professions, we learn that out of 256,891 persons chargeable, 212,610 were charged upon incomes of less than £300 a year; and, therefore, that less than 50,000 have more than £300 a year from all the commerce, &c., of the United Kingdom. But here is something even more wonderful:—According to this return there were, all over the United Kingdom, only 3904 people who derived £2000 a year from commerce, trade, professions, and the like. Sir Morton Peto, in his work on "Taxation," says there are really more in London alone. But all this is easily accounted for. Here are two or three windows opened through which we may see into the mystery:

In 1861-2 A. returned his profit's nil; next year the Commissioners assessed him at £12,000, and, upon appeal, established his case. Some years ago A. B. returned his profits £15,000. The amount was raised to £20,000, on which he paid. The following year he made no return. The surveyor assessed him at £45,000, on which he paid without appeal. Again, next year he made no return; the surveyor assessed him at £60,000, and again he paid without appeal. One more:—C. D. returned £170; he was charged, on appeal, £250. Next year he returned £400, and was charged, £1500; and this sort of game went on fifteen years, and the last year he returned £6000, and was charged £10,000, on which he paid without appeal. The simple fact is this—that income-tax net is so constructed that the honest man is caught, while the rogue escapes. Some year or two ago the Government required certain houses. Compensation was demanded for loss of trade; so many years' purchase at so much a year. On reference to the income-tax schedule it was discovered that the claimants' demands were more than double the amount of their return to the commissioners.

I am told that, as soon as Parliament meets again, Lord Palmerston will ask for a good round sum—some say £50,000, others £1,000,000—to make up the amount necessary to erect a suitable memorial to Prince Albert. I hesitate, however, to believe it, although the authority would seem to indicate that it is really more than gossip.

Having been bitten myself, let me warn others. If any of your readers should feel inclined to buy "Colenso Vindicated" by the author of "The Eclipse of Faith," my advice to them is—don't; for the book is a cheat. So far from being a vindication, it is the fiercest, bitterest, most unscrupulous attack upon the Bishop that has appeared. It is a spasm of passion from beginning to end. Nobody but a theologian could have written such an ill-tempered book. Of course I say nothing here as to who is right or who is wrong in this Colenso controversy; but what shall we say of this attempt to catch unwary readers by a misleading title? Well, I will say nothing. The appropriate term for the proceeding would be too strong for your columns. The work originally appeared in *Good Words*; and I am surprised that the editor of that excellent publication should have passed the articles with such a title.

But the author of this book is not the only sinner in this way. Dr. Cumming advertises certain tracts under the title of "Moses right and Colenso wrong;" making out that Colenso impugns Moses. Dr. Cumming well knows that one of the main questions raised by Dr. Colenso is—whether Moses wrote the Pentateuch. This is not so bad as the case named above; but the canons of both taste and honour condemn it. Dr. Pye Smith, who was "the great exemplar which he drew," used to say that, "above all things, a Christian should be a gentleman."

The death of the Duke of Grafton removes the Earl of Euston from the Commons to the Lords, and makes a vacancy for Thetford. The influence here is divided between the Duke of Grafton and Lord Ashburton, who have agreed to make things pleasant by pairing off. The Duke returns a Whig—my Lord returns a Conservative. Lord Henry Fitzroy will doubtless succeed his brother. Ther has been but one contest here since the Reform Bill; that was in 1841, when the town had the audacity to put up Sir James Flower. The numbers were 71 for Flower, and 71 for the Earl of Euston, and on petition Flower was seated.

Rumour says that Sir Arthur Buller is to have a seat in the Indian Council. In such case Devonport will want a member. Mr. Jeffery, of Liverpool, is in the field. I suppose this is Jeffery the mammoth draper. Sir Arthur is the brother of Charles Buller. In one of Sterling's letters, published in Carlyle's "Life of Sterling," Sir Arthur is mentioned as the handsomest man in England. He was born in Calcutta, and was for some years Judge of the Supreme Court there. His antecedents, therefore, render his appointment to the Indian Council probable.

The editorship of the *Reader* has been given up by Mr. Ludlow and undertaken by Professor Masson.

The death of Mr. Egg will be very widely lamented. In addition to being a good artist, Mr. Egg was a most kindhearted, right-thinking man, and very much beloved by his friends. He was also an excellent amateur actor, as those who saw him in the performances of the Guild, and, more recently, at Tavistock House, may recollect.

A paragraph about Mr. Graves having purchased "The Railway Station" from Mr. Flaton is true; but for his £20,000 Mr. Graves obtains the transfer of all the subscriptions to the print, which already amount nearly to that sum.

I quite agree with you that the columns of a newspaper are not the place in which to canvass theological questions, and am not about to break through the wholesome rule by which you exclude the discussion of such topics from your pages; but the following "sell" which has been perpetrated upon the editor of high Tory and High Church contemporary is too good to pass unnoticed. As all the world knows, Dr. Colenso has lately revived the old old theme of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, and has just had a small tilt with the Bishop of Manchester thereupon, specially in reference to whether, in a certain passage in Leviticus, our translators have done right in rendering the Hebrew word *arnabeth* by the English word *hare*; and further, whether, supposing the translators to be right, the hare does or does not chew the cud. Now, the Bishop of Manchester partly

admits that there is a mistranslation or mistake in the passage as it stands in our version, and much newspaper discussion has arisen in consequence. Among other would-be enlighteners of the world and vindicators of the doctrines of the Church, a certain "Firm Believer" addressed letter to the *Standard* deprecating the course taken by his Grace of Manchester in even seeming to yield ought to his sceptical brother, and thus concludes:—

The amount of scepticism which is exhibited by the defenders of the Bible against the assaults of Bishop Colenso will be the ruin of their cause. There must be no admission of weakness, or we are lost. It matters not to me that Professor Owen asserts that the hare is *not* a ruminant. The Bible, as we have it in England, says it is, and that is quite sufficient for your obedient Servant.

Now, is not this a but slightly-sugared pill, and marvellously like betraying with a kiss? And yet the editor of the *Standard*, good easy man, gave it all the publicity he could, never dreaming that the "Firm Believer" was a most decided wolf in sheep's clothing—a fact which another correspondent of the journal has had acuteness enough to discover, though the editor had not.

Under the title of "Signals of Distress in London," Mr. Blanchard Jerrold is about to publish, in a collected form, the interesting series of letters on The London Poor, which have recently appeared in the *Morning Post*.

The working man's restaurant movement is so eminently of a practical and hard-headed character that it is pleasant to record for it a literary origin. Many months ago there appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* a paper called "The Poor Man's Kitchen." The suggestions contained in this article were (avowedly) seized by a merchant of Glasgow, who resolved to make them into experimental facts. It was done, and the result wonderfully justified the author's argument and the merchant's enterprise. One after another, those famous Glasgow kitchens arose, which will probably be copied into every city in the kingdom, to the vast advantage of the poor. Already they have done so much good that the credit of suggesting them is something too important to be lost to the writer of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE STUDIOS.

On Monday and Tuesday, this week, the Royal Academy was open for the reception of pictures intended for the forthcoming exhibition, a gathering which, from all one can judge, promises to be remarkably good, and which will, probably, be all the more remunerative from having no such rivalry as last year, when the great international collection was open, and Mr. Frith's "Railway Station" was on view. In accordance with my annual custom, I have been the round of some of the studios, and now send you the result of my gleanings.

Most of the popular academicians will be represented. Mr. Frith and Mr. E. M. Ward, both absentees last year, have each a picture this season; indeed, Mr. Ward has two. Sir Edwin Landseer sends a large, long picture of "The Finding of the Franklin Relics," a desolate field of ice with some polar bears, which are described as being marvellously painted. Mr. Creswick sends three charming landscapes, two of which are "Stepping Stones" at a brook, while the third is a lovely bend in the silvery Tees. Mr. Hook still sticks to his sea subjects. Mr. Stanfield is reported to be as vigorous as ever, and Messrs. Poole, Dyce, Herbert, and Pickersgill will all be found to the fore.

Mr. Frith, absorbed in his Court commission, sends but one picture, and that not a large one, representing Juliet in her balcony—a lovely head, perfectly finished, and with all the surroundings carefully executed. It is a picture by which Mr. Frith will be well represented.

Mr. E. M. Ward has chosen a congenial subject for his large picture, which represents the children of the Foundling Hospital brought to Hogarth's studio to see the portrait of Captain Coram, the founder of the Foundling. Hogarth and Coram are hiding behind the picture, listening to the criticisms. The children, in various attitudes, are capitally expressed, specially one little pet close by Hogarth's well-known mastiff. In the background stand the master and mistress of the school—the first critical, the other in deep admiration. In the right-hand corner stands pretty Mrs. Hogarth, engaged in cutting up cake, a pursuit which has far more attraction than the picture for one chubby little fellow, who turns round to the comments with very sheepish longing. The great charm of this picture will be found by Mr. Ward's admirers in a certain light, airy freshness with which it abounds. The artist seems entirely to have rid himself of a somewhat dark and leathery tone which was his greatest defect, and is a marked gainer by its loss. Mr. Ward's other picture represents Charlotte Corday having her hair cut off previous to execution, and is painted with all that vigour and depth of feeling which Mr. Ward has already shown in his portrayal of similar subjects.

Mrs. E. M. Ward, who has been persistently improving, has this year made a huge step in advance of all her previous efforts. In her picture of "Mary Queen of Scots delivering her Infant to the Charge of the Earl of Mar," there is some painting which would bear microscopic examination, while the general disposition of the figures is characteristic and the tone good.

Mr. Faed has no picture of the interest of his masterpiece—"The Mitherless Bairn," or "From Dawn to Sunset"; but he sends two capital contributions of homely domestic life, one called "Train up a Child," &c., representing a little girl mending her father's sleeve, and the other a rendering of the old Scotch song, "And ye shall walk in silk attire"—a girl being hardly pressed by her old mother to bestow herself on a very uninteresting elderly person in the background for the sake of his "siller."

Mr. Elmore has a picture, painted with all his usual care, power, and finish. The subject is Lucrezia Borgia having decided on poisoning her husband.

Mr. H. O'Neill (of "Eastward, Ho!" celebrity) has a small but striking portrait of Mr. Keeley, in which expression and pose have both been cleverly caught. Mr. O'Neill has also a picture, called "The Power of Song," in which we see that music has an effect on murderers, and that an organ, in some men's hands, is better than a pistol.

Mr. John Phillip is painting, for the Speaker, a large picture of "The House of Commons"; but whether it will be exhibited this year is a question. It certainly was not ready on the regular sending-in day; but the artist is said to be moving the highest influences to secure its reception at a later date.

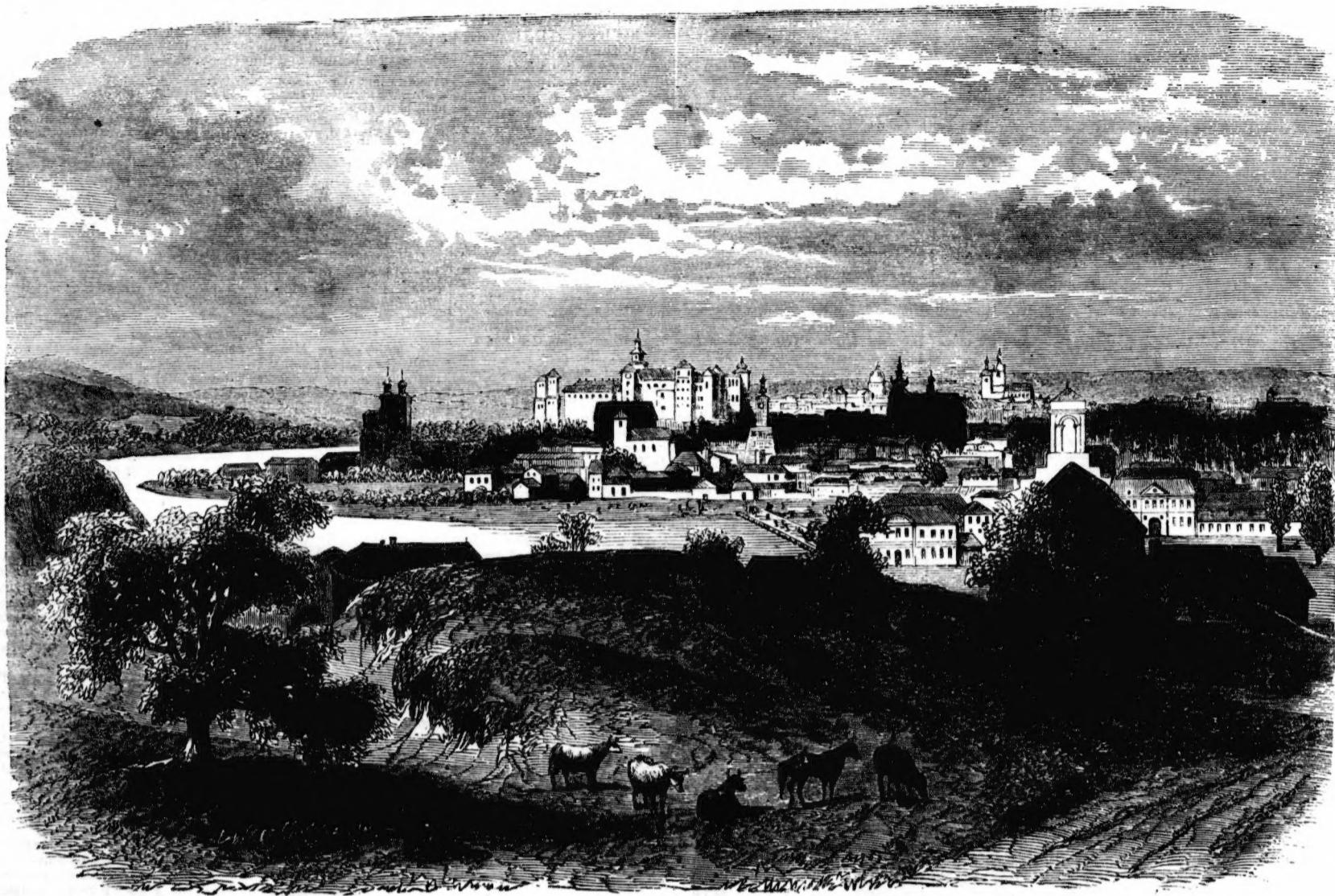
Mr. Ansdell has three pictures—one, a Spanish subject, senors and señoritas on horseback, on a very dusty plain; another, a return from shooting; and the third and best, an old man on the shore, looking over the boiling sea for any stray fragments of wreck or cargo which may have been washed ashore after a storm.

Mr. Millais's principal picture (and one which, I should imagine, will create a very wide-spread admiration) finds its subject in Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes" where Madeline is undressing in the moonlight. The dreamy poetic feeling has been wonderfully reproduced by Mr. Millais, who has also brought all the resources of his art and all the best cunning of his hand to bear upon it. "My First Sermon" shows us a sweet, chubby little girl, devoutly grave, seated in an old-fashioned green-baize pew. "Playing at Wolf" is a group of children, partially wrapped in a skin rug, and crouching beneath a piano, intent on their fun.

Mr. Leighton has several pictures, the largest and best representing Elijah meeting with Ahab and Jezebel at the gate of Naboth's vineyard. Here the figures are life-size, and there is very great power in the representation of the stern prophet, the crouching King, and the insolently-beautiful, defiant Jezebel. Mr. Leighton has also a fine, three-quarter length figure of a crossbowman, and several dreamy, sensuous female subjects.

Mr. Marks's principal picture is, or should be, called "Where Shakespeare Studied," and represents the poet looking on with observant interest at a street group composed of a snide chatterer, a swaggering swashbuckler, a bored swell, &c.

Mr. Calderon has a capital picture of the English residents in Paris taking refuge at their Ambassador's on St. Bartholomew's Eve. Mr. Marcus Stone has his *chef-d'œuvre*, an incident in the life of Bonaparte, and Mr. Fenn has a



THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND—VIEW OF CRACOW.—SEE PAGE 260.

## THE LATE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN NORFOLK.

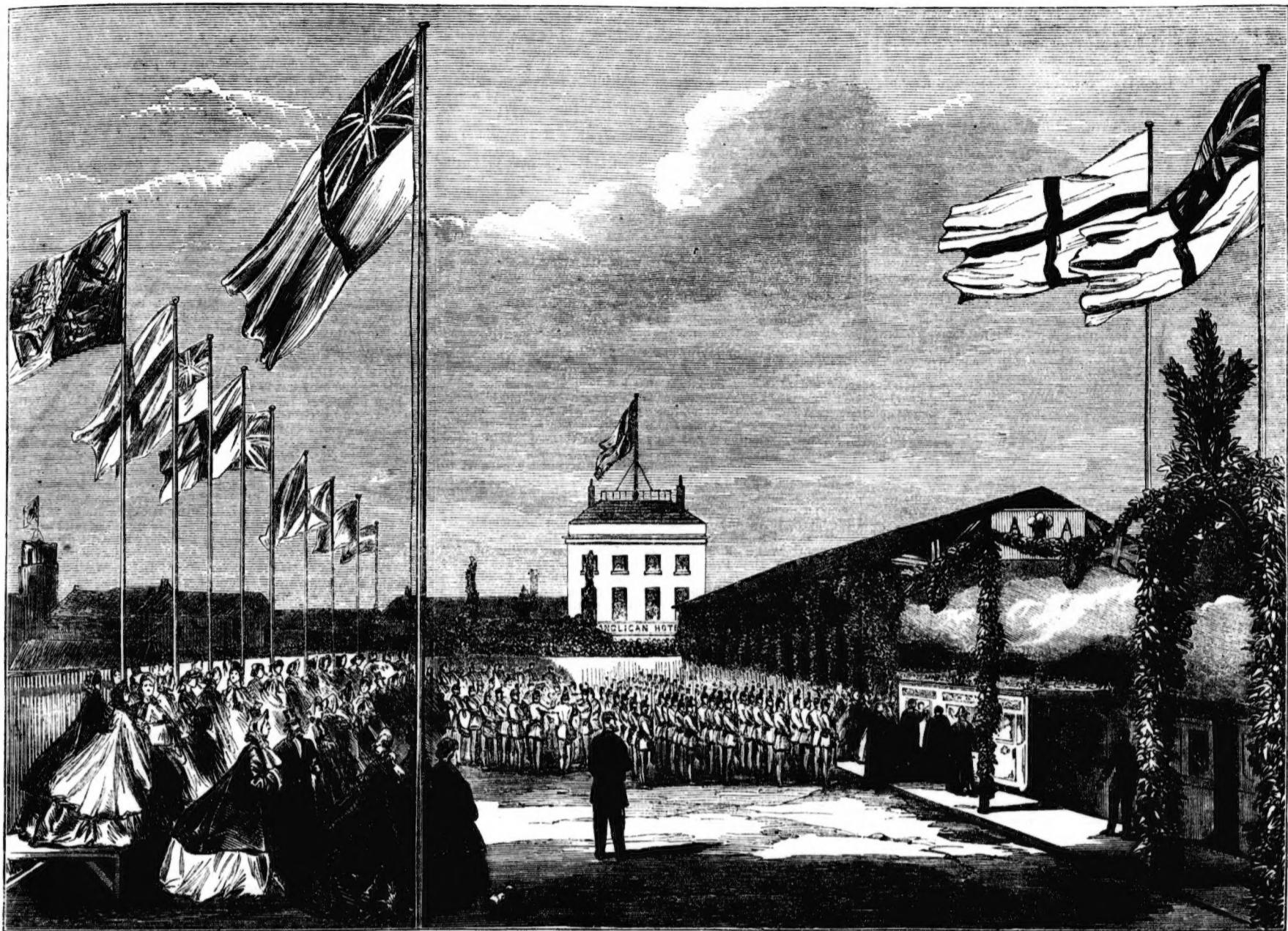
THEIR Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales left Windsor Castle on Saturday, the 28th ult., and took their departure by special train from the Great Eastern terminus at Shoreditch, for Sandringham. The Royal train, which left Bishopsgate a few minutes after one o'clock, arrived at Lynn a few minutes after four o'clock. The stations all along the line were prettily decorated. The train made the first stoppage at Bishop's Stortford, where the

volunteers of the district were drawn out. After a halt of a few minutes, the train proceeded on its course. At Cambridge a most beautiful display was made; the Corporation and the heads of the college were in attendance, and a large company was assembled on the platform. An address was presented to the Royal couple by the Mayor on behalf of the Corporation. At Ely there was a similar demonstration, but on a smaller scale. The Royal train reached Lynn a few minutes after four, at which place a very animated scene was presented. Flags and streamers waved in all directions, and the station and its approaches were thronged with thousands of people.

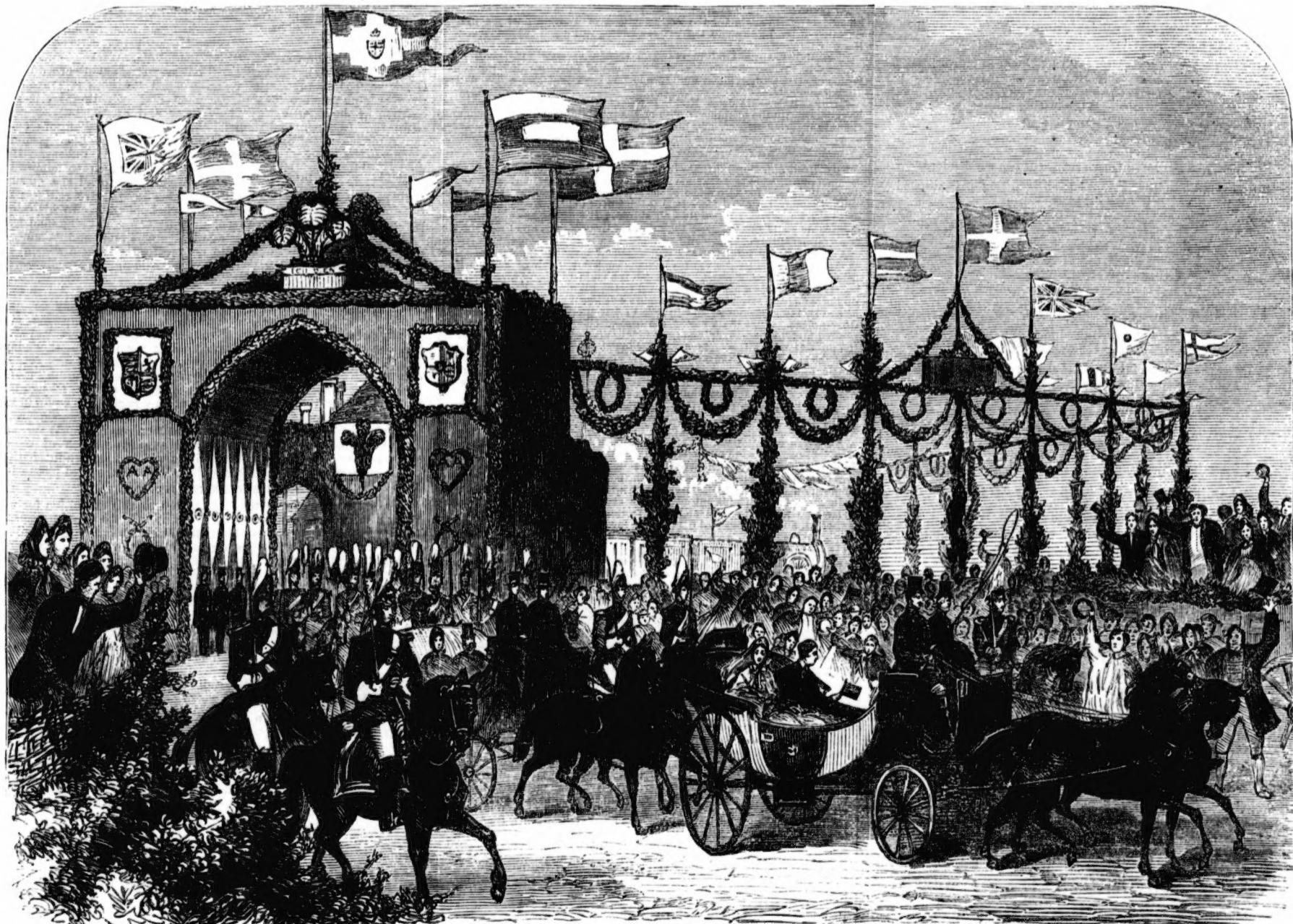
The local volunteers were drawn up, and the bands played the National Anthem as the train came in. The Mayor, on the part of the Corporation, presented an address to their Royal Highnesses, who rose from their seats and thanked the Corporation for their kind expressions. Amidst great cheering, playing of music, and firing of cannon the train resumed its journey for the neighbouring station of Wolverton, some seven or eight miles from Lynn, where a most gratifying reception was given to the Royal couple. The station and approaches were tastefully decorated with flags and evergreens, and triumphal arches were thrown across the road. The train arrived at



VOLUNTEERS LEAVING CRACOW DURING THE NIGHT-TIME TO JOIN THE INSURGENTS.—(FROM SKETCHES BY M. LALLEMAND.)—SEE PAGE 260.



VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO NORFOLK.—THE MAYOR OF LYNN PRESENTING AN ADDRESS AT THE LYNN RAILWAY STATION.



DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS FROM THE WOLVERTON STATION FOR SANDRINGHAM.

the Wolverton station at a quarter past four o'clock, and on the Prince and Princess alighting they seemed much pleased with their reception. Attended by the Countess of Morton, they took their seats in an open carriage, and, amidst the most deafening plaudits, proceeded along the road to Sandringham Hall, escorted by a troop of the Norfolk Yeomanry. The Earl of Morton, General Knollys, the Hon. Mrs. Bruce, and other members of the Royal suite, followed in open carriages. The whole line of road from Wolverton to the hall, a distance of nearly three miles, was lined with people from all parts of the county, and nothing could exceed their enthusiasm. The road leading from the station to Sandringham is rather steep, and on the summit of the hill was erected a large triumphal arch. As the Royal cortège passed up the road, the view from the station was one of a very animated description. Their Royal Highnesses reached the hall about a quarter to five. Upon reaching the hall-gates an address was presented to his Royal Highness by the Rev. G. B. Moxon, Vicar of Sandringham. The tenantry, who had helped to form an escort to the Prince of Wales, were drawn up on each side the hall-gates. Opposite the gates were the Norwich Mounted Rifles, and round about the gates (on the outside) was a dense crowd of all sorts and conditions of men in vehicles and on foot, who cheered lustily as the Royal carriages approached. Their Royal Highnesses bowed repeatedly to the cheers which greeted them. Inside the gates, and under the fine avenue of limes which lead up to the hall-doors, 200 children of the schools on the estate were arranged, carrying flags, and having baskets of wild flowers, which they scattered as the Royal carriages slowly passed. At the porch of the hall-doors were twenty-five young ladies from the families of the clergy and farmers, all dressed in white, with blue or scarlet jackets or mantles and white hats, also having baskets of flowers, which they scattered profusely all around. On the other side of the porch were a number of ladies of the principal families in the district, who volunteered to do the same pleasing duty. A volunteer rifle corps acted as a guard of honour, and were placed fronting the doors. When the carriages came up they presented arms, and the band played the National Anthem. Upon the Prince and Princess alighting, Miss Rose Moxon presented an elegant bouquet in a white and gold basket, which the Princess smilingly accepted, and said a word or two of thanks. Their Royal Highnesses remained a few seconds in the porch and then retired; but, the cheering being continued, the Prince and Princess again came and bowed, the riflemen again presented arms, and the band played. By degrees the concourse of people dispersed, and their Royal Highnesses were left to that privacy which they went to Sandringham to seek.

## REJOICINGS AT WINCHESTER.

Among the rejoicings which took place on the occasion of the recent Royal marriage, the ancient city of Winchester was not backward in displaying its loyalty. The sum of £750 having been subscribed towards paying the expenses, £330 was set aside for providing the poor and industrial classes (about 3970 adults and 2750 children) at their own houses with materials for a substantial dinner, consisting of meat, bread, flour, and currants, in addition to which, 6d. in money was given to each family (about 1400) and 6d. to each widow (about 300).

The dawn of the festival was ushered in by the merry peals of the cathedral and other church bells. At half-past nine o'clock a procession was formed on the parade-ground of the barracks, to proceed to the choral service in the cathedral. The principal public buildings and the High-street having been decorated with flags and evergreens, the effect of the procession defiling down the street, with its gay flags and fluttering pennons was very pretty, and formed a pleasing and picturesque *cop d'œil*. After traversing the High-street, it entered the close under an archway of evergreens erected by the Chapter, and proceeded through the western door into the cathedral, where a full choral service was performed, including an anthem composed for the occasion by Dr. S. Wesley, organist to the cathedral. At one o'clock a *déjeuner* was served in St. John's Room, under the presidency of the Mayor, supported by the Very Rev. the Dean, Dr. Maberly, head master of Winchester College, and about 160 of the principal clergy, gentry, and citizens. A purse of five guineas having been offered by the committee for the best ode written on the Royal marriage by natives or residents of the city, it was adjudged to Mr. W. Masterman, scholar of Winchester College, who had the honour of reciting the following composition to the assembled company:

As, when the pure moon sinks, its silent course outrun,  
When draws its rival nigh.—  
Deep darkness shrouds the sky,  
Ere rises to its destined course the blazing sun,—  
So, late o'er Britain's Isle a cloud of grief was poured,  
When Death, with ruthless blow,  
Plunged in o'erwhelming woe  
Our land, and our loved Queen robed of her wedded lord.  
But now our Sun! our Prince! the heir to England's throne!  
Rises to take his place—  
Rises that seat to grace  
From which we yet lament his honoured father gone.  
Yet once<sup>2</sup> again in peace the blazon'd lions meet—  
Again the signs<sup>4</sup> of Love,  
And trusty Valour<sup>4</sup> prove  
How haughty England doth her sister Denmark greet.  
Hail! fairest daughter of a high-born Danish sire,  
Well fit a throne to grace!  
Child of a far-famed race,  
In which yet burns the ancient Scandinavian fire!  
Child of the Dane! May England see thee happy reign!  
Never shalt thou regret  
Thy lot in life is set  
In that fair land thy fathers eager fought to gain!  
No more shall England's arms resound thro' Denmark's lands;  
Its blood no more shall stain  
The sea-shore<sup>5</sup> of the Dane;  
No more 'gainst us the Raven<sup>6</sup> wave o'er hostile bands,  
Speed swiftly, gallant ship! speed swiftly o'er the sea,  
Bearing to Britain's heir,  
His fathers' throne to share,  
A consort worthy to maintain her high degree.  
Not for grim battle, as of yore, set forth to day?  
The chosen of our fleet;  
Tis now—a bride to greet!  
A treasure worthy of a guard in such array!  
Ye swelling waves, be still! Calm thy proud crest, O sea!  
Waft, gentlest wind, to land  
This gallant bridal band—  
And so shall England's thanks be fairly gained by thee.  
May'st thou be happy, Britain's<sup>8</sup> hope! thus Britain prays—  
Blest in thy love!<sup>9</sup> thy health!  
Blest in thy temporal wealth!  
Blest in thy children, and in length of happy days!<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the silent working of the good done by the late Prince Consort.

<sup>2</sup> This will be the third time that the arms of Denmark have been quartered with those of an English monarch:—1st. James I. m. Anne, d. of Frederick II. of Denmark, A.D. 1601; 2nd, Queen Anne married Prince George of Denmark, A.D. 1702.

<sup>3</sup> Lions "passant guardant" occur in the arms of both Denmark and England.

<sup>4</sup> The field of the shield of Denmark is "or, semée of hearts proper."

<sup>5</sup> As at the battle of Copenhagen, A.D. 1801.

<sup>6</sup> The Danish standard—especially borne against King Alfred in England, A.D. 870, 878.

<sup>7</sup> The Channel fleet is to sail to escort the Princess to England.—*Times*, Feb. 27.

<sup>8</sup> The Prince of Wales.

<sup>9</sup> Marriage Service—"That they may live together in perfect love."

<sup>10</sup> Prayer for the King—"Grant him in health and wealth long to live."

Thus Christian England prays: but chiefly adds this prayer,  
That to thee "holy fear"<sup>11</sup>

May linger ever near,

And of the "better part" thou may'st have lasting share.

In the afternoon English sports and pastimes were provided for the populace; and about eight o'clock a pyrotechnic display took place, together with a bonfire on St. Giles's hill. The great feature of the day, or rather night, consisted in a torchlight procession with an allegorical pageant, which took place about nine o'clock, and of which we give an Engraving, from a sketch by Mr. F. Dimes, of Winchester. The pageant was arranged, and its expense defrayed, by the liberality of two gentlemen of the city, Messrs. Wyeth and Pointer. The figures are Britannia surrounded by the four quarters of the globe—Europe being represented by Richard Cœur de Lion in chain armour; Asia by Saladin; Africa by the King of Abyssinia, with an elephant's tusk; and America by an Indian with his warclub; Neptune in front guiding the car. The whole was mounted on a stage drawn by four horses. The torchbearers numbered about one hundred and twenty, almost all in fancy or grotesque dresses. The effect of the group passing through the west gate was very striking: the quaint masks and costumes, the fitful flashing of the torches lighting up the architecture of the old gateway, which formed a background, made a novel and curious tableau. By general request, the procession was repeated on the following night with increased effect, and many buildings in the city and principal streets were illuminated a second time on the Wednesday.

## CELEBRATIONS AT WREXHAM.

The people of the metropolis of North Wales—Wrexham, or the "good old town," as its inhabitants are fond of calling it—made strenuous exertions to show that in celebrating the late happy marriage they were not unmindful of the Royal bridegroom's titular connection with the Principality, and assuredly perfect success attended their efforts. The town was gaily decorated; there was a grand procession, in which the most novel feature was the new volunteer fire brigade; triumphal arches, a *déjeuner* in the townhall, a banquet to the volunteers, a grand ball, dinners of the various clubs belonging to the town, and tea refreshments to the children attending the Sunday schools; a grand display of fireworks; and last, but certainly not least, a torchlight procession by the new volunteer fire brigade already mentioned. This body, called, in honour of the occasion, the Prince of Wales Fire Brigade, is composed partly of the employees of the Provincial Insurance Company and partly of inhabitants of the town, who have volunteered to form a fire brigade. Their uniform consists of a beautifully-shaped Roman helmet, the front of which is a gilt Prince of Wales's plume, the crest of the brigade. The tunics are a kind of patrol coat of blue cloth, with red collar and facings, the sleeve ornamented with a red Austrian knot, the collar on each side with gilt plume, and the buttons gilt, with the name "Prince of Wales Fire Brigade" round the plume in the centre. The trousers are a knickerbocker of blue cloth, coming a little below the knee with broad red stripes down the side. The rest of the uniform consists of short black leather gaiter, waistbelt for engine-key, and crossbelt with neat pouch for the axe. This fine body of young men, in their picturesque uniform, headed by a band of music and attended by a large concourse of spectators, parading the streets with their flaming torches, had a very striking and splendid effect, and elicited the universal applause of all who saw them. Our Illustration represents this portion of the day's proceedings.

## ILLUMINATION OF THE BIRMINGHAM TOWNHALL.

We have already noticed some of the illumination devices erected in Birmingham on the occasion of the late Royal marriage, and now add an Illustration showing the Townhall in a blaze of light on the night of the 10th ult. The arrangement of the device was under the superintendence of the civic authorities, and was universally admitted to be most elegant and effective.

<sup>11</sup> Confirmation Service—"Fill them, O Lord, with the spirit of thy holy fear."

## ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

THETFORD.—Lord Frederick Fitzroy has issued an address offering himself as a candidate for the representation of Thetford, vacant by the elevation of Lord Euston to the peerage consequent upon the death of the Duke of Grafton.

DEVONPORT.—The local papers state that a vacancy may shortly be expected in the representation of the borough of Devonport by the resignation of Sir Arthur William Boller, who has been promised a seat at the Indian Council.

CHIPPENHAM.—Sir John Neeld, Bart., of Grittleton House, will, in accordance with the unanimous wish of the inhabitants of Chippenham and the neighbouring district, offer himself to the electors, on the next vacancy, as a candidate to represent the borough in Parliament as one of the members.

THE ROUPELL FORGERIES.—It is said that actions in reference to the Roupell estates were to have been sent for trial at the present Home Circuit. The actions are for ejectment against parties who bought estates from William Roupell. The defence is, that the will of old Mr. Roupell is genuine and not a forgery, as William Roupell alleges. It appears, however, that the defendants could not complete their case for these assizes, and therefore the trials are postponed.

A PROTEGE OF ENGLAND.—A correspondent describes the late meeting at Cawnpore between the Viceroy and the youthful Rajah of Chirkaree as being a very affecting scene. The Rajah is a child of about seven or eight years of age, and, on his being presented to Lord Elgin, the little fellow put up his hands and implored his Lordship's continued protection, adding that he had no father or mother now to look to but the Viceroy and the British Government. Lord Elgin patted the orphan chief on the shoulders, and assured him, in the frankest and most feeling manner, that he should have all the protection that it was in his power to extend. It will be remembered that the late Rajah of Chirkaree, this boy's father, was the chief who saved the life of Mr. Cairn, declaring to the mutineers who demanded the Englishman's surrender that, sooner than they should get him, they should have his only son. The present youthful Rajah is that son.

DISCONTENT IN WIGAN.—During last week there were strong murmurings of discontent among the unemployed operatives at Wigan. They complained of the manner in which relief is given to them by the guardians of the poor and the relief committee. In order to show their discontent a "demonstration" was appointed to take place on Thursday. It was, however, an utter failure. None of the well-disposed operatives took part in it. A procession was formed to the place of meeting of the board of guardians. It consisted of about 400 persons at first, but these gradually dropped off until it was reduced to 100. The board admitted a deputation from the men, whose grievances appear to have been of a trifling kind. Eventually they were answered, and all is reported quiet in the town.

THE DISTRESS IN THE NORTH.—The reports made at the last meeting of the Manchester Relief Committee were more than usually cheering in their tone. Mr. MacLure, the honorary secretary of the committee, reported a diminution in the number of those relieved by local committees to the extent of 21,000 persons within the last month; and Mr. Farnall reported a diminution of upwards of 2000 from the parochial lists of the different parishes within the last week. The spring season is looked forward to hopefully; and the central committee urge upon local boards the necessity of employing those who must still be dependent on them in manual as well as mental labour as the readiest means of preventing the population from becoming demoralised.

"I FAINT."—One day, in a trial for petty larceny before the Tribunal Correctionnel of Paris, a handsome young lady, smartly and stylishly dressed, was called upon to appear as a witness. The presiding Judge asked her for her name, and then put the usual question concerning her profession. "I faint," answered Madame, in her weakest though most silvery tone. The gallant votary of Themis told an officer of the court to bring her a chair, and allowed her sufficient time for recovering. Then, "Be not afraid, Madame," said he; "and please to tell me, before you are sworn, what is your profession." "I faint," again hastily whispered the pretty witness, in a scarcely audible voice. This time the vice-president sent for a glass of water. The interesting dame sipped it slowly, then, bowing gracefully to the Judge, she looked at him, seemingly waiting for further questions. And again she was required to state her profession. Wondering and thoroughly amazed, she replied, "But, Monsieur le President, I had already twice the honour to tell you that my profession is to faint." "To faint!" exclaimed the Bench, with one voice, "Can that ever be a profession?" Madame answered in the affirmative, and explained that she earned a livelihood, and not a despotic one either, by sitting every evening, in a most fashionable dress, in a prominent balcony-stall at the Théâtre de la Porte Saint Martin, and appropriately fainting away, out of sheer emotion, at the tragical moment pointed out beforehand by the author of the play. She added that her services were highly valuable, and that the manager had never had to complain of the impressive manner in which she, for one, performed her part.

## FINE ARTS.

## THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE Suffolk-street Gallery this year is by no means so poor an exhibition as it has been: there are many pictures, the work of veteran painters, whose style is necessarily mannered and dry as all repetitions must inevitably be; but, for our part, we are disposed to regard these with a kindly view, as the works of men who in their day have sown good seed and helped to till the ground upon which new fruits are growing up. Mr. Hursthouse has for many years stood up, by his works, for depth and richness of tone, when the rage was absurdly in favour of glaring flesh-tints and flaming costumes; now, when his hand has lost something of its cunning, we see younger and more favoured men coming round very much to his view, and showing by their work that they are beginning to regard richness of tone and a fuller yet quieter harmony of colour as excellencies to be striven after. Mr. Salter, another pillar of the British Artists, must, we think, be pardoned for pursuing his grandiose style of historical painting, after the manner of those who, when he studied, were looked up to as great men. His picture of "Charles I. Embracing his Children in Presence of Cromwell"—an affecting incident, said to have actually occurred, and to have drawn tears from the grim soldier who was destined to be associated with the tragical end of the Monarch—is a work sufficiently expressive to bring before most minds the strange scene, though it may be too direct and matter-of-fact in conception, and altogether too artificial in treatment to escape being called common but not vulgar. Then we have what must, we suppose, now be regarded as the old school of landscape-painters in the works of Mr. W. Chayer, Mr. Clint, Mr. J. J. Wilson, and Mr. Tennant, of whom it may be said that while they fail to satisfy the exacting demands of the hour for high finish and minute imitation of everything, they nevertheless possess a certain feeling for the simply picturesque, the absence of which is a very evident failing in the pictures of the new school. One old member, long distinguished as a landscape artist in the British Artists' Exhibition, is Mr. J. B. Pyne, a painter perhaps more entitled to the honour of being compared with Turner the Great than any one. Mr. Pyne has contributed no less than ten pictures to the present exhibition, all full of his fine poetic feeling and beautiful reading of the ever fresh and inexhaustible book of nature. 337, "The Fair Maid of Perth"—the ship running hard upon the fatal rocks of a lee shore—is wonderful, as showing how the wild strife of the winds and waves may be brought upon a little page of canvas by the cloud-compelling art of the painter. His "In Faccia del Sole" (227), with all its pink trees and specks of white upon the still water, is a charming picture. Mr. Boddington, Mr. Percy, and Mr. A. Gilbert fall into one category as the most expert in all the pretty little tricks of the art; the result is that they are never content without some sort of stage effect—some red or blue fire. Notice for this, especially, 422, by Mr. Boddington; 290, by Mr. Percy, and 313, "Morning," by Mr. Gilbert. Each of these pictures has great merit, and it is only that we have seen them so often before in the same fine clothes that we are inclined to pass them by. If the real sunrises and sunsets were always the same, how desperately sick we should get of them; a month at the North Pole would be really a relief. Mr. Wooller is in great force this year. He exhibits seven pictures, scarce one of which can be found fault with if we take them as the artist intends, and not according to rigid formulas of the doctrinaires in art.

In the works of Mr. Vicat Cole and Mr. W. W. Gosling this year there is not to be observed that advance, or indeed sustained excellence, that the talents of these two younger landscape-painters of the society ought to yield. Mr. Cole has one fair example of his ability, "The Road over the Heath" (96), a small oil picture; the other, "Harvesting" (295), is not at all worthy of him. To get a notion of Mr. Cole's real talent we must seek out the tiny little water-colour drawing, "The Beech Copse" (856), a delightful bit of nature. Mr. Gosling persists in painting those displays of green which his friends call trees and his enemies scandalise as "salads." He has talent, and so much that he ought to fight hard for study. Mr. Hayllar is one of the most rising men of his set. He has a fine sense of daylight colour, if he lacks the culture of the Venetians; and he should remember that, clever and true as such little studies are, as the old French market-woman, and waggoner as his young lady asking "Do you take sugar?" these are mere bagatelles. His Cromwell and the amorous chaplain, in the British Institution, is a picture which tells of a higher vein of thought which he ought to be working. Mr. Rositer's little picture, "Making Music" (215), deserves a word of praise for characteristic delineation. Mr. Weeke's humorous touch is admirable in the very small but very true picture of a drowsy Greek steeped in tobacco and garlic, called "Athens is Tranquill," the very alpha and omega of Athenian life. Mr. Bromley paints children in the regular way of Webster and others, but scarcely with the freedom and individuality of face and figure that the subject demands. Mr. T. Roberts takes the best position amongst the painters of domestic genre in this gallery. His picture, "Reading the Scriptures" (87), has much to admire in it, and it has evidently been carefully studied as to all the details. Perhaps too much adherence to the model is apt to give stiffness to the draperies and hard formality to the whole picture. In his other pictures there is more force, though with worse drawing and less harmonious colour; as in "Beatrice Listening" (102) and "Countess Olivia" (427), where crimson and orange form rather a discord in the colouring. Mr. Cobbett's pictures of rustic figures are always of the most pleasing kind; not strikingly true or real, but uncommonly ornamental. Mr. T. Heaphy has a picture called "Labour's Sanctities" (385), which, though badly seen, can safely be pronounced a work of considerable merit for its good drawing and colour, and genuine originality of subject—a Spanish priest watching the love of a father for his bambino, sporting in its mother's lap. Mr. G. Cole has several landscapes, painted in a good, sunny tone of colour, with cattle and figures. The "Slave Auction, Virginia" (254), by Mr. Cranstone, is a noticeable picture for its subject, though not particularly for its painting. Mr. Anthony comes out again in his old style of the round towers, but with none of his antique vigour.

The still-life pictures by Mrs. Anderson and Mr. Ward are remarkable for splendid colouring and surprising truth of representation; and, altogether, the exhibition will be found an interesting one to those who will take the trouble to look for the good pictures.

## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

We owe an apology to the contributors to this exhibition for not having noticed their works before, but it will, we hope, have been concluded that our space has been completely absorbed in recording the national events of surpassing interest of the past month. We will not attempt now to do more than point out the principal pictures. These are a remarkable piece of wild animal-life painting in Mr. Sidney Cooper's "Wild Goats on Moel Siabod" (60); Mr. Hayllar's very clever picture of Cromwell's joke in marrying his chaplain to the maid; Mr. Lance's splendid fruit-piece, and another of still-life by Mr. Duffield; Mr. T. Danby's "Milking Time at Evening"; a very clever bit of humour in Mr. Morgan's "Brimstone and Treacle"; an admirably painted picture after the style of Mr. Faed, by Mr. E. C. Barnes; A pre-Raphaelite "Study of Thistles" by Mr. Colinson; and several small pictures, by Mr. Gale and others, upon the screen, extremely well worth notice.

## MR. CROPSEY'S PICTURE OF RICHMOND-HILL.

Mr. Cropsey, the American artist, who has now for some time been resident amongst us and a contributor to some of our exhibitions, has made a good choice for his pencil in the view from Richmond-hill—a view that all foreigners seem to be more taken with than the English themselves. Like Mr. Church's fine landscape, "The Heart of the Andes," which, it will be remembered, was exhibited some four or five years ago, this work of Mr. Cropsey is on the largest scale ever attempted for an easel-picture, and rather larger than the very beautiful landscape, "Autumn on the Hudson," with which Mr. Cropsey stamped his reputation amongst the painters of the day. The picture is now to be seen at Messrs. Graves's gallery, in Pall-mall, previous to being engraved by Mr. R. Wallis. We remark of this picture, as of all works in landscape we have seen by American artists, the feeling for scenery of the widest extent, combined with a vigorous spirit of realism. A landscape-painter of the

European orthodox school, if he chose these vast themes, would merge his details of the foreground in the breadth of treatment given to his large picture, and strive to convey the imposing effect of space and distant mountains or wooded hills by painting rather suggestively than realistically. He would put himself more in the mood of an ordinary spectator, gazing out upon the extended beauty, but looking over and overlooking the near objects at his feet. In his feeling Turner has painted the splendid "View from Richmond Hill"; so has Mr. Pyne and others of our school. Now, Mr. Cropsey paints a rich-toned, glowing evening sky, shading bright and warm light far and wide over the distant hills of Windsor Forest, and bathing the whole middle ground in purplish-grey; but the whole foreground abounds so with masses of bright green—in the broad skirt of trees at the side in the brushwood in front, and the two tall poplars, painted to every leaf, which rise as prominent objects in the composition—that the eye is rather distracted from the quiet enjoyment of the fine points of the picture in the distance and sky. Besides the want of harmonising grey reflected upon these masses of foliage, there is a similar violence in the bright colours thrown into the foreground by the groups of gaily-dressed holiday-folks, soldiers, and even a splendid peacock, who sits perched on the garden gate of the Star and Garter Hotel, like an emblem of the luxuries to be had within. Few painters could have painted such a picture, however, and we fully appreciate Mr. Cropsey's ability to treat so fine a subject upon this imposing scale.

## PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The most important portrait of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales that has yet been exhibited is the lifesize picture by M. Lanchert, the Court painter of Berlin, which is now to be seen at Messrs. Colnaghi and Scott's. As this picture was painted expressly for the Queen, and as the artist was sent to Copenhagen to paint the portrait of Princess Alexandra, and, moreover, as it is known that her Majesty has expressed her approval of the artist's work, it must be accepted as a good likeness. It is certainly an extremely elegant portrait; the attitude particularly well chosen, and the dress being of the lightest full dress, it is completely expressive of the natural grace and dignity peculiar to her Royal Highness. The portrait is to be engraved by Mr. Samuel Cousins, academician engraver.

Miss Graves exhibits a full-length portrait of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by Mr. Walton, painted only a few days before his marriage. The likeness appears to us to be excellent, and the picture is altogether boldly and cleverly painted. The Prince, dressed in a blue summer walking-coat, with light trousers, leans upon his walking-stick, and has taken off his hat for a moment, as if to enjoy the cool shade of the fine trees of Windsor Park, which form the background. He is seen in the distance, and the only attendant upon his Royal Highness is a favourite black Skye dog.

Mr. Ghein's photographic portrait of the English, Danish, and Belgian Royal families, which are exhibited at Messrs. Gambart's, in Pall-mall, are a very interesting collection, and in many respects unique, as the artist was favoured with sittings repeatedly, and had the great advantage of conducting his work in obedience to the well-known good taste of the Queen and the Royal family. Mr. Ghein is the most successful practiser of the enlarging process in photography, and what little touching may be required he executes with the most delicate hand and the nicest discrimination as to the preservation of the portrait.

Decidedly the best lithographs of the beautiful Princess Alexandra of Wales is one just published by Messrs. Maclean, of the Haymarket. This portrait has been drawn with the utmost fidelity by M. Desmaisons, one of the most accomplished lithographic artists of Paris, from a photograph taken at Copenhagen by M. G. C. Hansen, the Court photographer. The likeness is admirable, and the artist has been especially happy in catching the sweet, youthful expression of her Royal Highness. We feel satisfied in pronouncing this, of all the lithographs, the one that best represents the distinguished beauty of the Princess of Wales.

Mr. Mayall's series of carte-de-visite portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales are, in our opinion, by far the most perfect of the portraits of this kind. They are admirable as likenesses, tasteful in arrangement, and unsurpassed in all the excellencies of photography.

The medal which has been struck by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell in commemoration of the Royal marriage, and which is the work of Mr. L. C. Wyon, the son of our best medalist, Mr. Wyon, of the Royal Mint, is superior in style, as well as in technical merit, to any work of glyptic art that has emanated from the English sculptors of late years. The two profiles are admirably well relieved, and the modelling of the features is beautifully free and pliant; there is none of the hardness so common in medals, and the play of expression in the faces is singularly lifelike and true.

## THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

The thirteenth exhibition of the designs and sketches of the members is now open at the society's rooms, in Conduit-street. The chief matter of competition this year appears to be the Cathedral of St. Finn Barr, at Cork, a small cathedral, not to be larger than a church, and the designs for which are restricted very much, necessarily by the cost, which is limited to £15,000, and the Pointed style. We must presume that the designs exhibited can all be executed for this sum; but how, is a point we leave to the designers. Mr. E. W. Godwin's, with two square towers, surmounted with pointed turrets, the body of the building having a rounded apex, is to our eye amongst the best. Mr. Beazley has a good, substantial, plain design, in good proportion. Messrs. Vaughan and George compete with a fair example of the Pointed style, and an interior of good ornament. Mr. C. H. Driver's interior has also great merit for its rich ornamentation and good general form; and Mr. Clifton West exhibits one with a fine Flemish spire, like Mr. Butterfield's, of the Margaret-street Church.

The new college at Malvern is another subject at this time in the lists. This is a building intentionally of the conventional order, rather plain, and, of necessity, utilitarian in its purposes. Messrs. Wallis and Kempton exhibit a good, substantial, and well-proportioned building, in greystone with freestone facings, which looks unusually well on paper, and would suit the fine and rather massive scenery of the locality well.

There are amongst the finished drawings some remarkably fine works by Mr. Gilbert Scott of his restoration of the Chapter House at Westminster Abbey, and the same distinguished architect's work at Kelham Hall; the seat of Manners Sutton, Esq. Mr. Lamb's town-hall and assembly-room at Berkhamstead are noticeable for the neatness and adaptability of much good form in timber work. Mr. Newton's splendid drawing of London from the Victoria Tower, showing his proposed embankment of the Thames, which was also in the International Exhibition, is a striking and most able design.

Mr. Donaldson's beautiful study of the Parthenon portico will be appreciated for its valuable purpose of recording the precise condition and colour of the marble at the present time.

Amongst the sketches are several, showing great natural faculty, by Mr. Phene Spiers, from Rouen, Bayeux, &c.

Nothing in the exhibition, however, possesses more interest just now, when it is proposed to revive the "musicum opus" in the decoration of our noble St. Paul's, than the specimens of modern mosaic work by the Chevalier Salvati, made in mosaic with gold grounds by Messrs. Marr and Co., of Broseley. Mr. Digby Wyatt also contributes a good head of "Winter" in mosaic-work by the same manufacturers.

With the architectural exhibition is now joined that of the Sculptors' Society, a new body, formed, we presume, more especially for the cultivation of architectural sculpture—a most important sphere of the sculptor. There is one good bas-relief by Mr. Thrupp, and some few small life-size figures of merit; but most of the works are busts which have no great points of excellence calling for remark.

HEALTH OF GARIBALDI.—A letter was received at Liverpool on Sunday last from Colonel Garibaldi, the eldest son of the General. The letter is dated Capri, March 28, and states that Garibaldi is still progressing satisfactorily. The flesh is now forming in the wound, which presents a much more healthy appearance than it has hitherto done. The Colonel says that the report that the General was much worse is only one of the small crop of entirely unfounded statements which have been circulated.

## OUR FEUILLETON.

## THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 253.)

## CHAPTER XII.

It was a bright and balmy night, neither sultry nor chilly; and Strensal, who had found it rather cold in his fireless room after the hot theatre, did not walk far along the chiara before he flung open the ample folds of his Spanish cloak, and thought he had better have left that picturesque but cumbersome habitation at home.

The white statue of the Villa Reale gleamed through the trees, and it struck him that it would be pleasanter to sit among the foliage on the sea-wall at the other side of that strip of garden and smoke a solitary and meditative cigar with the glancing ripples and the moonlit scenery of the bay full in view.

The only obstacle to this arrangement was that the gates were closed at night; but then the iron railings were only about eight feet high; nor did the spearheads surmounting the barrier seem dangerously sharp. He looked this way and that way; no policeman was coming; he laid his thickly-folded cloak on the spire, and, being an expert gymnast, was over in less time than it takes to read this sentence.

Near the western extremity of the gardens there is a sort of stunted jetty projecting on the sea, with seats in the stonework. Here Strensal disposed himself, and lit his cigar. The declining moon stood over the point of Posillipo, and the broad pathway of light on the water was sharply cut by the dark outline of the angle, behind which lay the grounds of Lord Tintagel's villa.

It may seem strange that, since the source and cause of his soul's perplexity dwelt behind that promontory, he should have selected its precise direction for his outlook, while wasting the mid-watches of the night, waiting for tranquillity. A saferer prescribing for himself under acute symptoms of delirious amans, is not likely to find his ease in the hands of a very judicious physician. Still, if Tranquillity was to come at all to-night, that broad pathway of light over the calm water seemed a probable enough road for the siren-eyed goddess to travel along. Meanwhile the expectant votary breathed light-grey tangles of incense in the moonlight, and his gaze was fixed on the scalloped line of junction between the bright inlets and the dark headland masses jutting from the luminous plain.

"What was that black speck detaching itself from the gloom, growing distinct, and gradually enlarging its projection upon the shining level?" As it neared it put forth narrow flashing vanes, like the dragon-fly's, from which liquid sparks dripped, glistening in the moonbeams, and a measured murmur of oars came faintly and fitfully wafted on the wavering intermittent night breeze. At first it seemed as if the small craft, with its solitary rower, were advancing directly towards him; and in the young man's fertile imagination, as it bore down in the middle of the moonlit path, it grew to be a fairy bark freighted with marvellous destinies, like the shallop of the witch of Atlas. But, when it was within a furlong's distance it turned inwards, and Strensal, who (probably because his excited fancy had for some minutes been intently fixed on it) was now foolishly fascinated by its approach, left his seat and swiftly reached the railings at the end of the shrubbery belt, where, shrouded among the foliage, he could see the fairy bark come to land.

To land it came a moment or two after he had taken his position, and within fifteen or twenty yards of him.

Like all things invested in distance with marvellous attributes, it dwindled from its imaginary dignity a good deal on closer inspection. A commonplace little boat enough, out of which a light, active figure leaped nimbly ashore and looped the chain over a woodea spoke, too inconsiderable to be called a post.

The figure was clad in a loose, knitted woollen shirt and long pendent scarlet Phrygian cap, loose canvas trousers, girt with a variegated crimson silk sash; a silk handkerchief fluttered loosely round his neck. In short, there was nothing at all remarkable about the individual's dress; and Strensal said to himself, "Pshaw! it is only some belated young fisherman coming back from a visit to his sweetheart at Pozzoli."

The features of the young fisherman, standing, as he was, between Strensal and the moon, were not at first easily distinguishable. It was apparent however that, for so young and lithe a figure, he had rather a premature growth of whiskers meeting under the chin.

"How graceful these Sonthrons are in their movements," thought Strensal, as the man rose from securing the boat and was moving away. At this moment an acacia-bough, which had been under constraint from Strensal's shoulder, released itself with a rustle. The man, who had advanced ten or twelve paces, turned round with a startled movement towards the slight sound, and his face, being now out of the line of the moon, was no longer in shadow.

It seemed a face of great beauty, with features regular and delicately moulded. Large lustrous eyes, and a complexion, unless the moonlight clothed it with softness and pallor of the moonlight's own, far smoother and whiter than agreed with the hissute virility of the Newgate friar. It was but a momentary glimpse; the face, was turned quickly away again, and the figure disappeared.

But was it the phantasm of an imagination possessed with one image, and ready to invest any doubtful mask of night with the ever-present features that haunted his thoughts? or was it a strange coincidence that the face of the young fisherman reminded him so vividly—nay, the expression of alarm so identically resembled what he had once—or was it possible it could actually be Julia herself disguised? He did not know what to believe; but certain it was that the face he had thus momentarily beheld in the slanting moonlight caused his heart a great leap, and left him a prey to vehement throes of mystified suspicion.

"At any rate, I will have a look at the boat, whether I follow up my investigations with the fisherman or not. After all, he may be a fisherman from Procida, where, they say, the islanders have very pure Greek blood and regular features; but in that case there will be some name and locality on the boat." He let himself down the sea-wall, dropping himself on to the narrow shingle slope between its base and the water's edge, and came to where the boat was moored. Moored, indeed, it could hardly be called; for a loop of chain from its stern was hitched loosely over the upright hold, and the boat floated free.

It could hardly be left for the night so insecurely, and the natural inference was that the fisherman had left it only on some short errand, and would return. There was no name on the stern, nor any particular mark of peculiarity about the boat. He got into it in pursuit of his investigations, and leaned over its bows. There was no name there either; but as there was a rim of light-coloured paint running round the prow he took out his pencil, with a view of making some private mark by which he might identify the boat again. He traced a pentagonal star close to the cut-water. The next thing to be considered was where he should dispose himself to await that singular fisherman's return—for that he would return he made no doubt—and he was resolved to have speech of him, and see what he was made of.

If he was what he pretended to be, the young marinaro ought to be glad of a fare, and he would agree with him, at a remunerating figure, to be rowed out into the bay to see the sun rise. In that sense, Strensal resolved to accost him on his return, and see what came of it. In all probability he was labouring under a ridiculous delusion; but he owed it to Lady Julia, so he tried to persuade himself, after harbouring such a suspicion, to disprove it. He could not wait in a better place than the boat itself, where the object of his investigation could not give him the slip.

He arranged himself comfortably, lit another cigar, and devoted himself to patience. A slight current of air off shore kept the boat at the length of its tether. The chain clanked monotonously as the gentle undulation of the water softly rocked the boat. For some time he kept a bright lookout in the direction where the figure had disappeared, but no one came.

The moon almost touched the skyline above the Mergellina. "If I were in bed now, I dare say I should be tossing and tumbling like mad. There is nothing makes one so drowsy as having to keep awake," he thought, gathering up the overcap of his cloak to cushion the support of his head and nape, which he succeeded in pillowing a shade more comfortably in the angle of the boat's prow. "I think I shall give this up as soon as the moon is down. You know it isn't much use waiting to look at him in the dark. However, we'll give him till then."

These profound reflections were about the last in Mr. Strensal's long day's work. There is a limit to human strength. A long morning among the pictures, sculptures, and antiquities of the Museo Borbonico, an excursion by water to the Triton's grotto, a boat-race, a quarrel, a long evening at the opera, and two hours' hard writing after that, to say nothing of mental emotions, had not overcome his physical and moral energies.

But the last straw broke the horse's back. That monotonous breaking of the chain, that gentle recurrent rise and fall of the boat's stern, over which he was monotonously watching for the Phrygian cap to reappear, proved too much for him.

The moon went down behind Posillipo, darkness thickened over land and sea, the breeze overhead brought vapours from the inland mountains that blotted out the stars, and Strensal lay fast asleep in the bottom of the boat, enveloped in his dark mantle, a fold of which had fallen over his face, dreaming, doubtless, all manner of strange things about Lady Julia.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Seven hours and a half after sunset Salvatore Sbirronero gave three distinct little taps at a narrow iron-plated door at foot of a narrow turret abutting on the Salita del Vomero from a quaint old palazzo of picturesquely irregular construction, which stood at the corner formed by the Salita and the Vico delle Fiorentine.

The latter is a narrow, crooked continuation of the Vico Parete, which strikes into the Salita del Vomero nearly at right angles, and changes its name at the crossing before curving round to the Chiara.

The palazzo had formerly been a convent.

A moment after the taps a slide was withdrawn. Behind the slide was small grating; behind the grating an eye. When all was seen by the eye to be right a key turned, with a complicated series of clicks. The door opened and disclosed Lord De Vergund with a drawn sword in his hand. Salvatore, undismayed by the gleaming weapon, entered.

The door opened on the foot of a spiral stair. On one side of this entrance there was a recess—a monastic-looking groined cell. From the keystone of the cruciform arched ceiling hung a brazen cresset by a brazen chain.

The cell did not, however, adhere to its monastic traditions in the style of its furniture, which consisted of a commodious divan, a thick Turkish rug, an armchair, and a small table; on the last lay a book or two. This was the lodge which the Marquis had fitted up for himself as his own porter. For the elaborate key of the private entrance to his private apartments (a suite originally affected to the use of the Mother Abbess, shut off from the rest of the building by double doors) he had scruples in confiding to any vicegerent.

"Behold me at his Excellency's commands to serve his Excellency," said the polite ruffian, with a servile obeisance and a half-familiar smile; "Is it under the planet Venus, or Mars? Is it manslaughter or lady killing that his Excellency proposes to divert himself with?"

"If it were an ordinary affair, the appointment need not have been so deep in the night; the affair is delicate. Mount the stair, it is cold here," said the Marquis, with a shudder; due, perhaps, as much to the delicacy of the business to be transacted as to the temperature.

The apartments above were well lighted, and a mixed fire of wood and coal burned cheerfully in a mediaeval grate of bronze. The principal chamber had a carved oak roof picked out with gilding. The rich damask curtains, tapestried hangings, massively sculptured furniture, statues of faeries and nymphs; bacchanalian vases in marble, porphyry, and bronze; pictures of saints and saintesses, mostly in costumes approaching nudity, and undergoing frightful varieties of martyrdom, gave an air of the dark ages to the scene of this mysterious nocturnal conference, which, to say the truth, did but little credit to the advanced civilisation of the nineteenth century.

The Marquis seated himself before the fire in an ebony chair, the framework of which was formed of serpents supporting a luxurious nest of plump, elastic white satin cushions in their swarthy, tangled coils. Threatening serpent-heads protruded as if about to spring, did duty as the arms of this ominous-looking but comfortable piece of furniture.

Salvatore stood at a respectful distance, waiting for his instructions, and declined to take the seat towards which the Marquis, in some faint sort waved him with one of the thin transparent hands he was warming at the blaze.

"The affair is delicate, and it may take time to discuss. Do you know by eight two tall Englishmen who arrived here within the last fortnight and are staying at the Vittoria?"

"Eccellenza, no; but I can soon make out if your Excellency will favour me with the signalisation."

"The one who concerns us is a blonde curv'd-arsed youth, of large proportions, two-and-twenty years of age. His eyes are of a violet grey, with lashes and brows darker than the hair and whiskers. You would remark him if you saw him."

"It seems to me I begin to recognise the portrait your Excellency depicts. Just such a man—a *bellissimo giovanotto Inglesi*—I accosted in the Largo di Palazzo, and told him of a *bellissima principessa* who had beheld him from a window of her palace, and had become enamoured of his manly beauty."

"Was he simple enough to be caught by such a bait? If he has adventures of that kind it will facilitate matters."

"Anzi, Eccellenza! he was too simple. He turned from me with a sanctimoniuous horror that would have become the blessed St. Anthony. If I had been one of St. Anthony's demons, in the form of a toad with a goat's head and a cockatoo's tail, such as you see in the pictures, he could not have regarded me with more Divine loathing. If it be required to decoy him into amatory entanglements it will be difficult."

"That imports no more than that such adventures give occasion and shelter in such cases. I desire that a fatal accident should happen to that young man."

"Che peccato!"

Literally translated, "What a sin!" Salvatore, however, only meant to say, "What a pity!"

"What is a *peccato*? You have no scruples about a small homicide? Not, at least, if you are well remunerated for it."

"Scruples? No. But it is a pity he is an Englishman. There is always so much more inquiry. You other islanders have such a sentiment against being assassinated quietly. An Englishman was stabbed in Portanova a few years ago; and what was done? A reward of two thousand ducats was offered for the discovery, and the poor fellow was found out and executed. If it was a Neapolitan now, or a German, or even a Frenchman, that would come easier and cheaper; but an Englishman, and a great, strong man, who would take some killing, and a man of stealthy life who gives us no random chance. *Caspita!* you call that a *piccolo omicidio*."

"Enhance the difficulties as much as you like, it will be made worth your while. If the deed be done within three days, three thousand ducats; after three days it will drop to one thousand. Time presses; he is not likely to remain long in Naples."

"Three days! *per bacco*, Eccellenza, that is little time to study a victim's habits sufficiently to dispatch him with safety. Three thousand ducats are a pretty sum, but to make them valuable one must live to spend them. To accomplish these delicate affairs neatly requires circumspection, and circumspection, though momentous, is not momentaneous."

"Listen, and I will tell you a method. This man is in the habit of trusting himself to a strange contrivance like a pair of long bladders, on which he navigates the margin of the bay along Posillipo. He is always coming and going. In fact, he is enamoured of the English signorina at the villa near the point."

"Donna Giulietta—(ooo! \* Ma me facite capace !)"  
Now you put me up to the state of affairs.)

"If you meet him or overtake him afloat on his windbag at a quiet turn of the coast (which is pretty private), a rip with a boathook will founder his craft, and a touch on the head will sink him when you have him at mercy in the water. You have a boat; keep a few good stones in it for ballast; frequent the coast between the Mergellina and Nisida. When you have handled him, a stone in the breast of his waistcoat, and a stone or two in the ripped windbag will keep all signs out of sight. Stay, it might be wiser to hold him gently under water with the boathook, and let him drown, so that there might be no signs of violence on the body, and it would seem an accident. Rip with a list from underneath, so that a sharp rock might have done it, and leave boat and body to sink or swim. You will be well out of the way before they are found—for they will probably sink of themselves."

"His Excellency thinks well. But if I loiter continually about so short a line of coast I shall be observed, and afterwards suspicion will attach to me."

"Well, have your boat forward on the Mergellina, and when you see him bring his contrivance out of the Vittoria—it takes him some minutes to prepare and launch it—you can row on and wait for him, fishing, at a convenient place; and when it is done row on to Pozzuoli and stay there for the day. If you are wise you will let his watch and valuables sink with him."

"That is better; but how will Donna Giulia take it? Has she no reason to know that his Excellency has reason to desire accidents to this *bel giovanotto*?"

"Whatever she may think or suspect, she dare not attempt anything against me, and there would be no evidence."

"Who can tell where evidence may start from. Even to-night, at this hour of silence, as I came down the Vico Parete I saw a young *marinaro* slink away from below the lamp of the Blessed Virgin at the corner and skulk into the Fiorentine. There were signs of wakefulness too, in the palazzo itself."

"In what part of it?" asked the Marquis, whose countenance had fallen at the former announcement.

"At the large window with the projecting balcony, on the other side of the carriage entrance."

"That is nothing; my sister is often up late. What were the signs of life?"

"It was in the shade; but it seemed like a figure moving its white arms with the action of drawing up a rope. I could see no rope, but the movement was thus."

"And what of the *marinaro*?"

"He seemed to be spying. Perhaps he may be about still."

"Why did you not tell me this when you came in? Bestia!"

"I came to receive his Excellency's commands, not to make my report of the night."

"Wait! We will see. Come with me into the staircase. No! leave the taper; we must look out of darkness, or we give warning."

The stair ended at the top of the turret in a circular ledge, at a convenient depth to look over the parapet. The flaps of a skylight were propped open for ventilation, and the two peeped out cautiously. The moon had set, and it was very dark in the narrow lanes below

\* This long-breathed Neapolitan interjection, signifying complete apprehension, is pronounced like the English word *ewe*.



THE L'NG RECKONING.—THE MARQUIS DE VERGUND'S INTERVIEW WITH SALVATORE SBIRONERO.

the watchtower. All the light there was came from the feeble little lamp of the shrine.

"Do you see him there, standing in by the wall?" whispered Salvatore.

The figure moved a little.

"I see him," answered Lord De Vergund, in a hoarse, low murmur. "Come down!"

When they were below again Lord De Vergund said hurriedly, "That youth must be quieted. He must have seen you come here; it was much lighter then, and you say he avoided you? You have your stiletto with you?"

"Do not doubt, Eccellenza."

"You may earn an extra thousand ducats easily in five minutes on his carcass. I will let you out; pursue him and make an end, but not too near here."

They descended the spiral stair quietly; the narrow iron door opened with a brisk clicking and a sudden metallic groan. Salvatore sprang forth, trusting to overtake the fugitive in the first rush. But the eavesdropper got a fair start of fifteen or twenty yards, and seemed disposed to make the running as vigorously as if he knew the race was a short one, with life and death staked on the event. Salvatore, on the other hand, as long as he kept the quarry well in view expected to run him down by superior endurance, and his commission was not to kill too near.

The fugitive turned the corner of the Salita, without allowing the pursuer to gain anything. He cut across the Chiesa, slanting a little towards the left. The marge was reached, the chain-loop lifted from its hold, the boat's stern drawn near the margin, and the chain thrown in with a clank. But the pursuer was by this time close, and all depended on getting into the boat with a sufficient push of the legs against the low wooden quay to shoot the boat out of harm's way; for to jump in at once and attempt to get it under weigh in time was impossible.

(To be continued.)

#### DEATH OF AUGUSTUS EGG, R.A.

MR. AUGUSTUS EGG, R.A., the distinguished painter, died in Algiers on the 25th ult. The death of this eminent painter in the prime of life, while in the full vigour of his talents, and so soon after attaining the honours of the academy, will be felt as a great loss to art, and long regretted throughout a wide circle of friends. Although for the last three years Mr. Egg had been a sufferer from attacks of asthma, it was not considered that his life was endangered by that disease; indeed, he returned last summer from his first visit to Algiers so much benefited that it was hoped he would be able to resume his painting with all his natural earnestness, and once more take his place in the exhibition of the academy, which had then been twice vacant, and now is left so for ever. For some time past he had been working at a picture of an Oriental subject, suggested by his residence at Algiers; this was advancing successfully when, about three weeks before the 25th ult., the day of his death, the oppression of the breath began to be very painful; and, though he was attended by two skilful physicians, it appeared that he had not the stamina to bear up against the attack. The best consolation his friends in England can receive is the assurance that while he lived at Algiers he was surrounded by friends as warm and hearty in their regard as those at home, and that to the last he was nursed by the tenderest care of an affectionate and devoted wife. It is in-



TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION AT WINCHESTER IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S MARRIAGE.—(FROM A SKETCH BY F. DIMES)—SEE PAGE 266.

teresting to know also that the deepest sympathy was shown on the occasion of the funeral, when all the principal English residents, with the British Consul, Mr. Elmore, the brother of our distinguished academician, followed in the procession to the New Cemetery, where, on the summit of a noble hill that rises above a wide and beautiful vale, a spot had been chosen for the artist's tomb. The Rev. Mr. Percival, the English clergyman resident at Algiers, officiated.

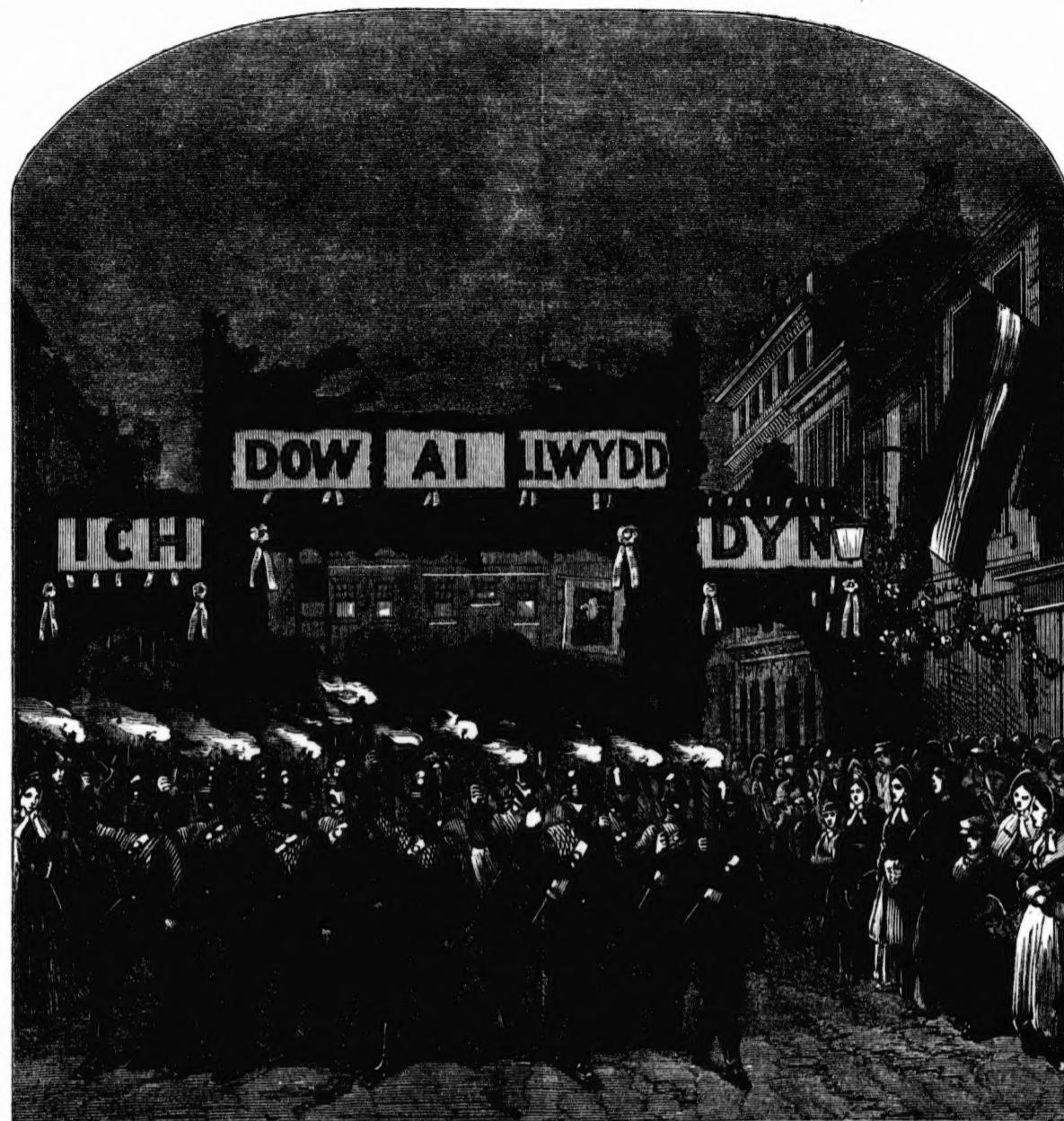
Augustus Leopold Egg was the son of the Egg who was famous as a rifemaker long before that weapon was thought of for the soldier. He was born in Piccadilly, in 1816, and, after showing some early signs of his love for art, entered the Academy school in 1836, when he must have been, to some extent, a painter, for we find him exhibiting at the Suffolk-street Gallery in the same year, and again at the British Institution. The pictures he exhibited then, however, were imaginary Italian subjects, for he had not been in Italy until many years later, when, his talents as well as his most genial disposition having made him the friend of Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, he went with them as a companion. His first pictures in the academy were exhibited in 1838, only one of which—"Sir Percy Shafton"—we remember. Leslie being then Professor of Painting, it was natural that Egg, who was always an admirer of the high finish and the conversation style of the Dutch school, should follow his teaching. Thus, we find him choosing subjects from "Gil Blas" and "Don Quixote." One of the best of his early works, called "The Victim," a capital bit of humour taken from "The Diable Boiteux," and representing a dandy adventurer of the time, who, after having treated two fine ladies to a supper, finds no money in his purse to pay for the luxuries—will be remembered in the Vernon Collection at South Kensington. "Gil Blas Exchanging Rings with Camilla" and "The Wooing of Katherine" were two pictures painted from 1844 to 1847; and in 1848 the young painter made a sensation at the

academy with his admirable work, "Queen Elizabeth discovering that she is no longer young," which led to his being elected an Associate in that year. In the following year he was commissioned by the late Mr. Brunel to paint a picture for his Shakespearean Gallery,

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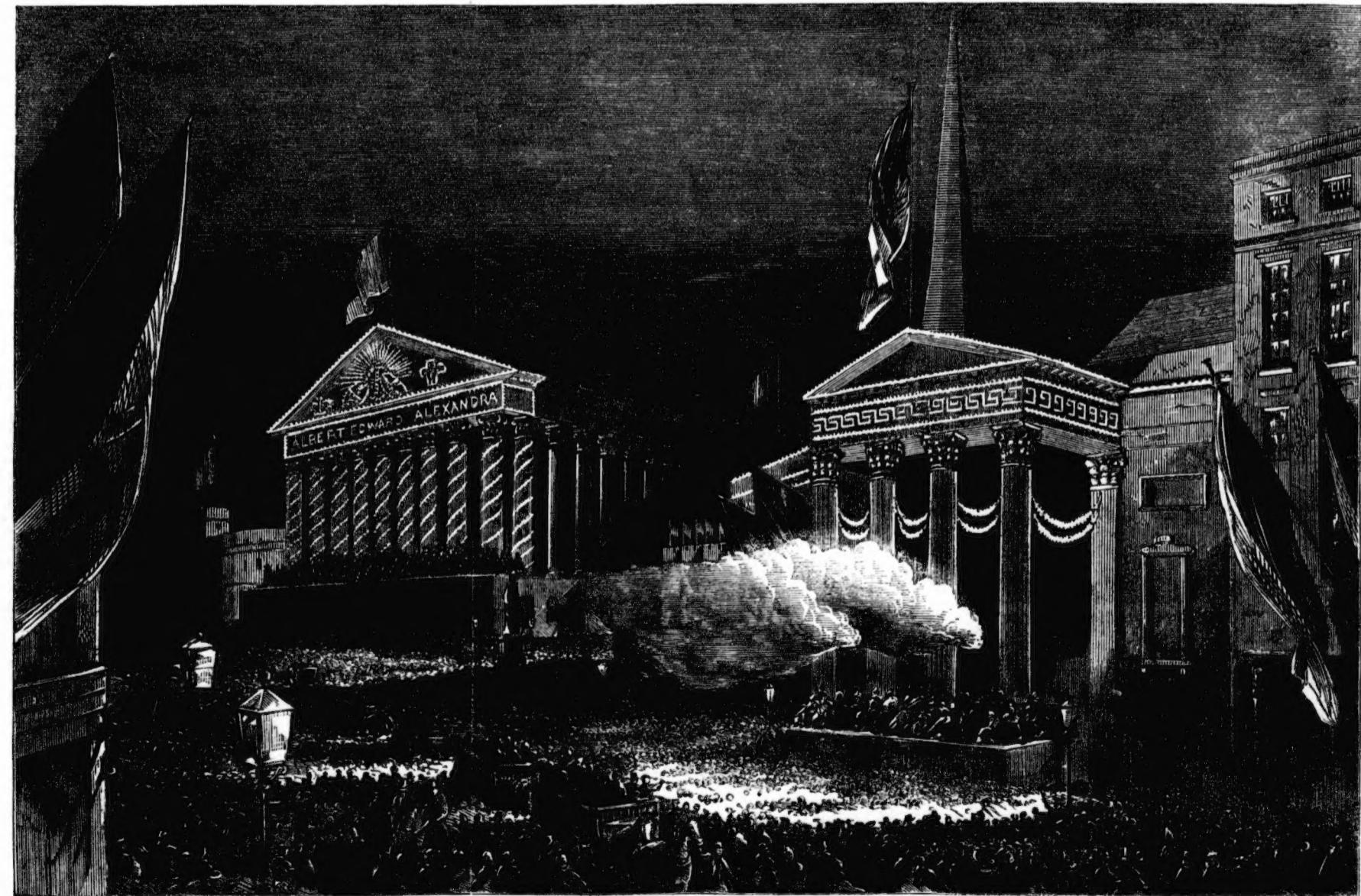
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PROCESSION BY TORCHLIGHT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FIRE-BRIGADE AT WREXHAM ON THE NIGHT OF THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—SEE PAGE 266.

when he chose a scene from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." This work, though not so fine, perhaps, in colour as some of his later pictures, was remarkable for dramatic expression. It was recently sold at the dispersion of Mr. Brunel's collection, and fetched

Bad as We Seem;" and his John Want, in Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Frozen Deep," will never be forgotten for the sardonic humour he threw into the part; it would have made the fortune of a regular professor of the art.



ILLUMINATION OF THE TOWNSHALL, BIRMINGHAM, ON THE NIGHT OF THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

the large price of 630 guineas. In 1850 he painted "Peter the Great meeting Catherine, the future Empress, for the first time," a picture which must be named amongst his chefs-d'œuvre, and which has long been in the gallery of Mr. Miller, of Preston. About the same time Mr. Egg seems to have been influenced to some extent by the new school of sentimental painters who started up as sensationalists in the art. He painted, about 1850, "The Life and Death of Buckingham," the life and death of the libertine being contrasted in two compartments—a picture which will be remembered in the International Exhibition. "Emmett parting from his Mistress in Prison" was another work somewhat in this style; and then came his picture from Mr. Thackeray's "Esmond," and in 1858 another striking attempt to represent in a picture of three compartments some terrible catastrophe of real life. This was also in the International Exhibition. His picture of "Cromwell Praying in his Tent the Night before the Battle of Naseby," exhibited in 1859, was a work full of feeling. The next year he returned to one of his favourite subjects in "The Taming of the Shrew," from which he had some years before painted "The Music Lesson—Bianca," when she says, "Fiddler, forbear; you're much too forward, Sir"—both admirable for character, humour, and fine technical qualities. In the November of the year 1860 he was elected an Academician, and, sad to say, had not contributed another work to the exhibition. The customary diploma picture he intended to paint was never completed, though a work was, we believe, deposited as matter of form. Many other excellent pictures of minor importance might be named, such as the "Madame de Maintenon and Scarpon," "Hermione," "Unpleasant News," &c.; but we have already referred to the principal works. Mr. Egg was essentially dramatic as a painter, as indeed he could hardly otherwise be, for such was his dramatic instinct that he was really a first-rate actor himself. He filled a good part in Mr. Dickens's Guild party when they played "Not so

## Literature.

*The Five Great Monarchs of the Ancient Eastern World; or, The History, Geography, and Antiquities of Chaldea, Assyria, Babylon, Media, and Persia.* Collected and Illustrated from Ancient and Modern Sources. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A. Vol. I. John Murray.

Hateful—to those who don't like it—is the East. The slime of serpents, the smoke of Sodom, the epicene brutalities of the harem; despotism, torture, treachery, obscenity, and concealed stationariness—these are the ideas which, to prejudiced Westerns like ourselves, attach to the spawn-bed—we beg pardon, the "cradle—of the human race." Yet we can bear to read of the Chaldeans, because they had something to do with the stars, which are cold, and steely-white, and pure; and of the Assyrians and Babylonians, because of Semiramis. We know an old lady who is very particular with her nightcaps. Her daughter bantered her one night about this bedroom coquetry:—"La, my dear!" said the old girl, "suppose there was to be a fire?" But what did Semiramis do? A revolt breaking out in the city while she was in the very act of having her hair "done up," she rushed along the corridors and out into the street to quell it, with one-half of her long locks dressed and the other half, undressed, streaming meteorically behind her. It is due to Mr. Rawlinson, "Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford," and his brother, Sir H. C. Rawlinson (to whom the work before us is inscribed), to state that he does not introduce the above anecdote into the present volume. He has, however, produced a résumé, and something more, of what we know about the first and second Assyrian empires; collating, correcting, classifying, and adding independent criticisms and observations. The result is a book of great interest to people who can tolerate winged bulls and fish gods. What is now wanted is that Mr. Charles Reade, or some other man of imagination with a strong digestion for detached facts, should try to combine these details into a picture of Assyrian life. He might take "Bel and the Dragon" to start from, or give us the story of some Evil-Merodach or other, whose arrowheads hit the bull's-eye of his fancy.

Mr. Rawlinson is of opinion, upon the whole, that the race designated in the Bible by the hero-founder, Nimrod, and among the Greeks by the name of Belus, passed from East Africa, by way of Arabia, to the valley of the Euphrates shortly before the opening of the historical period. Wherever they came from, the hieroglyphical language contains a fund of rational entertainment. A certain character, formed by a parallelogram with prongs sticking out of it, was for a long time supposed to represent a sarcophagus, but later investigation has shown that it stands for a tooth-comb, and signifies a woman. "It is worthy of notice," says Mr. Rawlinson, "that the emblem is the very one still in use among the Lurs, in the mountains overhanging Babylonia;" and, if women used tooth-combs in those days, men knew how to put in their left, for one of the very earliest graves at Senkareh contained a baked clay tablet representing a bout of fistfights, after the most approved fashion of modern England.

The ancient Assyrians used to eat partridges, which they killed with arrows. They were also fond of ducks, which it is believed they domesticated. Models of the bird, with its head tucked up for sleep, are very common, and were used, in all probability, as weights. Just conceive a flock of ducks waddling about one of the squares of a building *something* like what one sees at Sydenham, with Tiglath Pileser, in white and purple, very tight round his legs, saying "quack, quack, quack," to amuse a toddling little Assyrian! The Assyrians were tender to horses. They were never used as beasts of burden, and were never put to draw carts or anything less respectable than chariots. The mule was not so honoured: he not only carried commodities on his back, but we have before us a picture in which one poor beast is carrying on his back two women, who sit across. Now women are, and always were, reckoned "unclean" and inferior creatures in the East.

The whole history and results of Assyrian discovery have one very striking lesson for us all. It used, as we know, to be confidently stated that the round arch was Roman and the pointed arch Gothic. How much ingenuous nonsense has been written on this assumption. Some day, however, a desert wind disturbs a mound in Arabia; excavations are made, and we find both the round and the pointed arch to have been in use among these Assyrians before the wolf that suckled Romulus was born or thought of! We ought, in our art-criticism, to have guarded ourselves by saying, "Assuming that our present knowledge of architectural history is complete." There are one or two other things in connection with the arts which we may mention, though they have no moral that we know of.

## ASSYRIAN METALLURGY.

The usual material of the Assyrian ornamental metallurgy is bronze, composed of one part of tin to ten of copper, which are exactly the proportions considered to be best by the Greeks and Romans, and still in ordinary use at the present day. In some instances, where more than common strength was required, as in the legs of tripods and tables, the bronze was ingeniously cast over an inner structure of iron. This practice was unknown to modern metallurgists until the discovery of the Assyrian specimens, from which it has been successfully imitated.

The following passage is interesting, about the

## GOD HOA.

The third god of the first Triad was Hea or Hoa, the Alias of Damascius (*De Principiis*, l. s. c.) His appellation is perhaps best rendered into Greek by the "Λη or Helladius—the name given to the mystic animal, half man, half fish, which came up from the Persian Gulf to teach astronomy and letters to the first settlers on the Euphrates and Tigris. There are no means of strictly determining the precise meaning of the word in Babylonian; but it is, perhaps, allowable to connect it, provisionally, with the Arabic *Hiya*, which is at once "life" and "a serpent" since, according to the best authority, "there are very strong grounds for connecting Hea or Hoa with the serpent of Scripture, and the Paradesiaca traditions of the tree of knowledge and the tree of life."

Hea occupies, in the first Triad, the position which in the classical mythology is filled by Poseidon or Neptune, and in some respects he corresponds to him. He is "the lord of the earth;" he is "the king of rivers;" and he comes from the sea to teach the Babylonians; but he is never called "the lord of the abyss," or of "the great deep," which does not seem to be the sea, but something distinct from it. His most important titles are those which invest him with the character, so prominently brought out in Oedipus, of the god of science and knowledge. He is "the intelligent guide," or, according to another interpretation, "the intelligent fish," "the teacher of mankind," "the lord of understanding." One of his emblems is the "wedge" or "arrowhead," the essential element of cuneiform writing, which seems to be assigned to him as the inventor, or at least the patron, of the Chaldean alphabet. Another is the serpent, which occupies so conspicuous a place among the symbols of the gods on the black stones recording benefactions, and which sometimes appears upon the cylinders. This symbol, here as elsewhere, is emblematic of superhuman knowledge—a record of the premeval belief that "the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field."

Mr. Wilkinson seems strongly disposed to give the precedence to the Assyrians in the following comparison of

## THE ASSYRIANS AND THE EGYPTIANS.

Fully to appreciate the Assyrians we should compare them with the much-landed Egyptians, who, in all important points, are very decidedly their inferiors. The spirit and progressive character of their art offer the strongest contrast to the stiff, lifeless, and unchanging conventionalism of the dwellers on the Nile. Their language and alphabet are confessedly in advance of the Egyptian. Their religion is more earnest and less degraded. In courage and military genius their superiority is very striking; for the Egyptians are essentially an unwarlike people. The one point of advantage to which Egypt may fairly lay claim is the grandeur and durability of her architecture. The Assyrian palaces, magnificent as they undoubtedly were, must yield the palm to the vast structures of Egyptian Thebes. No nation, not even Rome, has equalled Egypt in the size and solemn grandeur of its buildings. But, except in this one respect, the great African kingdom must be regarded as inferior to her Asiatic rival—which was indeed "a cedar in Lebanon, exalted above all the trees of the field—fair in greatness and in the length of his branches—so that all the trees that were in the garden of God envied him, and not one was like unto him in his beauty."

What Mr. Rawlinson says about the religion of the two nations here compared must be taken with much reserve. In objectivity and in selection of symbols the religion of the Assyrians was superior to that of Egypt, for the purposes of the life of a nation of fighters

and workers. But we should seek in vain if we expected to find, united with this objectivity and coarse symbolism, the same haunting sense of mystery as hangs over the religion of Egypt.

Mr. Wilkinson thinks no particular cruelty attached to

## THE ASSYRIAN AS A CONQUEROR.

No doubt the courage of the Assyrians was tinged with ferocity. The nation was "a mighty and a strong one, which, as a tempest of hail and a destroying storm, as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, cast down to the earth with the hand." Its capital might well deserve to be called "a bloody city," or "a city of bloods." Few conquering races have been tender-hearted, or much inclined to spare; and undoubtedly carnage, ruin, and desolation followed upon the track of an Assyrian army, and raised feelings of fear and hatred among their adversaries. But we have no reason to believe that the nation was especially bloodthirsty or unfeeling. The mutilation of the slain—not by way of insult, but in proof of their slayers' prowess—was indeed practised among them; but otherwise there is little indication of any barbarous—much less of any really cruel—usages. The Assyrian listens to the enemy who asks for quarter; he prefers making prisoners to slaying; he is very terrible in the battle and the assault, but afterwards he forgives and spares. Of course, in some cases he makes exceptions. When a town has rebelled and been subdued, he impales some of the most guilty; and in two or three instances prisoners are represented as led before the King by a rope fastened to a ring which passes through the under lip, while now and then one appears in the act of being flayed with a knife. But, generally, captives are either released, or else transferred, without unnecessary suffering, from their own country to some other portion of the empire. There seems even to be something of real tenderness in the treatment of captured women, who are never manacled, and are often allowed to ride on mules or in carts.

We fear this is rather a mild likeness of the Assyrian, and that the "tenderness" to women which allowed them to ride and did not spoil their arms, may have had ulterior motives (See Deut. xxi. 10 to 14). But we suppose when a man has dwelt on a subject as long as Mr. Rawlinson must have done upon the antiquities of these people he contracts a prejudice in their favour.

## THE OPERA.

THE only musical event of the week has been the opening of the Royal Italian Opera campaign. Mr. Gye has been first in the field, and he commenced his season on Tuesday with a "characteristic" representation of "Massaniello." We use the phrase advisedly, for we look upon the performance in question as singularly "characteristic" of the manager's watchful and adventurous endeavour to secure a splendid orchestra, fine chorus, scenes of dreamlike beauty crowded with picturesque figures, and just as "characteristic" of his comparative indifference as to the capabilities, physical and artistic, of his principal singers. The heroes of the revolutionary tragedy represented on Tuesday were, indeed, strangely out of keeping with the grand scenes in which they played their parts. It must be conceded, however, that such a discrepancy is less disadvantageous to the effect of "Massaniello" than it would be to any other opera. "La Muette de Portici," originally styled a *drame lyrique*, is emphatically a "drama," in which the music allotted to the vocal soloists, lovely as it frequently is, is nevertheless subordinate to the spirited choruses which, for the first time in the history of opera, carry on the story of the piece, to the mute eloquence of the gestures in which the heroine portrays her sorrows, and to the expressive orchestral strains that define her dumb complaints, to the lifelike reality of the restless groups that fill the stage; and, in short, to one comprehensive, conventional phrase, to the completeness of the *mise en scène*. It cannot be doubted that the assignment of the most important female character to a *mime*, instead of to a singer, has resulted in mischief to the concerted pieces, and consequent injury to the legitimate musical effect of the work. On the other hand, we fancy that very many habitués of the opera, both in the Rue Lepelletier and in Covent-garden, as well as in the Haymarket, like the eye to be gratified as well as the ear, and, to them, physical gymnastics have at least as much charm as vocal. The eye could scarcely be more powerfully fascinated than by the charming sea-view of the second act, with its moving foreground of red-capped figures; nor could the spectator's attention be more completely engrossed than by the rapid progress of the revolution, the rise and triumph of which are depicted in the short third act. So real and lifelike is the whole scene that as we gaze at the stage we fully realise how, among an inflammable, southern people, the slightest incident may convert a light-hearted, bustling throng into a band of warriors more terrible in their wild and vengeful ferocity than the bravest of disciplined troops.

The most important modification of last season's cast consisted of the substitution of M. Naudin for Signor Mario. Broken-voiced and uncertain as the Italian tenor now is, he is nevertheless vastly preferable to the present representative of the fisherman King. M. Naudin is undoubtedly an accomplished artiste, but his method, in his ultra-French exaggeration, is scarcely palatable after the gloriously free and spontaneous style of Signor Mario. If M. Naudin would allow, for instance, the lovely melody of the sleep-song to tell its own tale, he would produce much more effect than by drawing out the air to an intensity of meaning that it is not intended to convey. In the noble duet, "Mieux vaut mourir," however, his passionate expression aroused the audience to enthusiasm, and it was loudly encored. To this result M. Faure's co-operation must to a great extent be ascribed, the French *buitone* surpassing the Italian Signor Graziani, who last year undertook the part of Pietro, as much as the Italian tenor surpasses his French rival. M. Faure gave the capital barcarole of the last act with admirable spirit. Mdile. Battu is quite as satisfactory a representative of Elvira as she was last year, and Signor Neri-Baraldi is a careful impersonator of the thankless character of Alfonso. Mdile. Salvioni, although not a great actress, gives a graceful and conventionally expressive history of Fenella's wrongs; and the incidental dances are admirably grouped.

It is curious to observe, by-the-by, how French singers are not merely encroaching on the Anglo-Italian stage, but are actually driving Italian singers out of their own territory. Last year's cast of "La Muette" included only one French artiste, but now all the principal parts are intrusted to vocalists of the same nation as the composer of the opera.

"Massaniello" was repeated on Thursday; and to-night is to witness the débüt of a Mille. Fioretti in "I Puritani." Signor Ronconi is also announced to reappear as Giorgio, after a two years' absence, caused by dangerous illness. Under these circumstances it is scarcely fair to let him make his entrée in the only character in which the most versatile of actors thoroughly fails.

Mr. Mapleton will also open his campaign to-night (Saturday), with the terribly inevitable "Trovatore."

## EASTER AMUSEMENTS.

As usual at this season, there has been great stir in the theatrical world in getting up novelties for the Easter holidays. Most of the houses have been tolerably successful in "catering," as the stock phrase is, for the amusement of their respective patrons; and, judging by the audiences present, all have been tolerably successful in pleasing said patrons. We have only space to notice the performances at the several places of amusement very briefly:—

At DRURY LANE, Mr. Falconer has revived "Peep o' Day" for the Easter piece, thus indicating his conviction that the public's appreciation of this most sensational of sensation dramas is yet unexhausted—a conviction fully borne out by the crowds which crammed the house in nearly every part. The farce of "Magic Toys," with Miss Lydia Thompson's hornpipe, concluded the performances.

The NEW ADRIALPHI contained the drama of "Aurora Floyd," with the addition of a new farce, entitled the "Trial of Tompkins," in which the qualities of a lover, Timotheus Tompkins by name, and especially his courage, are severely tried, and ultimately break down. There is little more than broad absurdity in this piece; but it seemed to take well with the audience, and "went" very satisfactorily.

At the HAYMARKET Mr. Buckstone introduced a greater degree of novelty than, perhaps, characterised the performances at any other of the theatres. Shakespeare's "Much Ado about Nothing" led off the evening's amusements, and served to introduce Miss Louisa Angel, a young lady from Newcastle-on-Tyne, whose personation of Beatrice evoked considerable applause and a call before the curtain. Mr. Compton's Dogberry was likewise a very excel-

lent piece of unctuous drollery. The special Easter piece was a sort of entertainment called "Buckstone at Home"; or, the Manager and his Friends," from the pen of Mr. Stirling Coyne, the gist of which is that, on the intention of the manager to give an Easter-Monday entertainment of unaccustomed attraction being made public, the representatives of all the various phases of histrionic exhibition, from the highest to the lowest, from tragedy and comedy to burlesque and pantomime, appear, one by one, in the august presence of the chief, and press the acceptance of their separate services. In the end, however, Mr. Buckstone (graphically impersonated by himself) rejects them every one in favour of a panorama representing the most picturesque and remarkable scenes to which the attention of the heir to England's throne was especially directed in the course of his tour through Egypt, Syria, and Turkey—the whole terminating with a "grand illustrated picture" of St. George's Chapel during the celebration of the recent Royal nuptials. The Easter scenes are the work of Mr. William Telbin, with the assistance of his son, Mr. Henry Telbin, while the Royal nuptials are delineated by Mr. T. Grieve, and it is needless to add that both are well and effectively executed. The introductory scene gave occasion for mimicking the peculiarities of the leading London actors, a species of humour which, well worked out, gave huge satisfaction to the audience, which filled the house to overflowing.

The OLYMPIC adhered to the traditional Easter extravaganza, and produced a very smartly-written one from the pen of Mr. Burnand on the "Acis and Galatea" of Handel, illustrated by the pencils of Messrs. Grieve and Telbin, and exceedingly well put upon the stage and spiritedly acted. Several new performers appeared, who, although to some degree novices on the stage, played their parts very creditably. Of the old favourites at the Olympic it is unnecessary to say anything; they are always appreciated, and deservedly so, by the frequenters of the house. In the comedy of "Taming a Truant," Mr. Souter, an actor from the Brighton boards, made his débüt, and promises to be an acquisition in the department of fashionable gentlemen of the boisterous class.

There is also a version of "Aurora Floyd" on at the PRINCESS'S, of course in the sensational style, which seems to have migrated from the transpontine to the West-end theatres; and after this came a new comedietta by Mr. J. M. Morton, called "Killing Time;" followed by the Easter piece, a whimsical extravaganza, written by Mr. H. J. Byron, entitled "Beautiful Haidee; or, the Sea Nymph and the Sable Rover," founded partly on "Don Juan," partly on the ballad of "Lord Bateman," and partly on the legend of "Lurline." This is a thorough piece of patchwork, for penetrating which I cannot conceive, though it seemed to "hang" a little at times.

Mr. Fechter, at the LYCEUM, has introduced little novelty, relying still on "The Duke's Motto" as his main attraction. The STRAND produced an extravaganza, by Mr. H. J. Byron, on the old subject of the "Forty Thieves," but varied to the "Thirty-nine Thieves," in accordance, as the bills stated, with the author's habit of "taking one off." The piece is distinguished, of course, that reckless dislocation of language for which the author is famous, but which I cannot, for my part, agree to call wit, though many of the puns are smart, as that kind of thing generally is when done by Mr. Byron.

At the ST. JAMES'S there was a new comic scene, called "Under the Rose," followed by "Lady Audley's Secret," the whole being capped by a burlesque extravaganza, by Mr. W. Brough, entitled "The Great Sensation Trial; or, Circumstantial Effie Deans," ridiculing the plays upon that Scotch theme which have been holding such prominent places at other houses. The fun of the piece is very good, though it seemed to "hang" a little at times.

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At the SUNNY the piece announced is entitled "Jessie Ashton; or, London by Day and Night," and is described as "a sensation drama of life reality;" but as I have not had time to see it, I can say nothing more about it.

I am in a similar state of ignorance, and for the same reason, as to the piece at the other transpontine house, the VICTORIA, entitled "The Engineer," and stated to portray the life and character of George Stephenson.

I will give the "Southerners" a turn by and by, and tell you my impressions of the exhibitions on their side of the water.

Leaving what I suppose claim to be the homes of the "legitimate drama," I must now slightly notice a few of those exhibitions which come under the designation of entertainments; and first of the POLYTECHNIC where Mr. Pepper still continues his lecture on optical delusions, which I have already noticed; Mr. J. Mathews his on "Conjuring made Easy;" together with that on "Burning to Death." In addition to these and other attractions, there are two extravaganzas, one founded on "Cindarella" and the other on "Der Freischütz," to both of which Mr. Lionel Brough plays the part of chorus with much genuine humour. On the whole, the Polytechnic programme is an exceedingly attractive one.

At the GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry have produced a new sketch called "A Charming Cottage," written by Mr. Andrew Halliday, in which the same facility in delineating character, and the same excellence of musical performance, which have made it a favourite place of amusement so popular, are fully sustained. In the course of the little comedietta, if I may call it so, we have personated a Mr. and Mrs. Crotchet, the tenants of the "charming cottage;" and then we are amused for an hour by Miss Tabitha Green, a meddling busybody, and by a musical enthusiast, a gushing young lady, a jolly little old man, a milkmaid, a sea-captain, and one or two Scotch characters.

Mr. DAVID FISHER, the popular comedian, appears in the lower room of the Hanover-square Rooms with a musical and dramatic entertainment, to which he has given the alliterative title of "Fisher's Facts and Fancies," a collection of musical and dramatic sketches which have little relation or mutual dependency, but which effectively serve the purpose of introducing the actor in a variety of comic parts, which he sustains with skill and spirit. The introductory observations of Mr. Gabriel Gag might perhaps be advantageously abbreviated, and a lyrical travesty of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" would also be improved by compression; but the other parts of the entertainment have a conciseness of plan and execution which add not a little to their general effect.

Mr. HENRY DRAYTON gives, at the Polygraphic Hall, a pictorial and musical entertainment, entitled "Federals and Confederates; or, Every-day Life in America," in which he exhibits brother Jonathan of both divisions in his various phases of character, and introduces many of the songs current in what once were the United States.

At the EGYPTIAN HALL Mr. Yates has, in a great measure, remodelled his popular "Invitations" for the Easter holidays. In a new act, entitled "Twenty Minutes with a Spirit rapping Medium," one of the favourite fancies of the day is caricatured in a most ludicrous manner. Mr. Yates representing a Mr. Knox, a professed medium, and Mr. Power a credulous gentleman who has contracted for a séance.

Mr. BURFORD comes forward this Easter with fresh attractions. There are no less than three panoramas now open to the public—those of Rome, Athens, and Mexico—the latter of which is the greatest novelty, and is specially interesting in reference to current events in that country.

At the CRYSTAL PALACE there was provided a more than ordinarily attractive bill of fare, including both the sublime and the ridiculous—for there have been Mr. Sims Reeves in the one department and Messrs. Mackney and Stead in the other, as well as others whom I cannot now stay to particularise. The grounds and several courts were generally well filled during the holiday season.

## THE LOUNGER.

THE OIL-SPRINGS OF CANADA.—Letters from the Upper Canada oil-springs state that a well which some time since ceased to flow has again recommenced spouting, and now yields from 300 to 400 barrels a day. A large quantity of oil is also being taken from the different wells by pumping; so there is no fear of any present failure of the supply. The inhabitants of the oil district are about to sink what is termed a "test well," in order to ascertain what quantity may be expected to flow from a greater depth than yet reached. It is intended to sink this "test well" 1000 feet, as none of the present wells exceed 300 feet in depth.



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